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HOW "THE BROWNIE" PUT ON WEIGHT.

BY AMBROSE COLLYER DEARBORN.

THERE is a time each year in every academy and college when the students suddenly become amazingly well behaved. It is the time just between Thanksgiving and Christmas. If there are any "old fogies" on the faculty, they are considerably puzzled by this sudden earnestness, but the younger instructors know it is only because the foot-ball season has closed and it is yet too early for ice-polo. So they listen with a smile while ready answers come from all over the lecture-room, instead of "Not prepared, sir," or the hazy answers of the shock-headed eleven who know that they will be warned by the faculty if some sort of a recitation is not ready. This attention to work wears off after the ponds are frozen, and then the boys divide their devotion between books and polo.

At Melden Academy that year, however, there was not the usual reaction after foot-ball. The school polo-team had the year before won the interscholastic cup offered by Harvard; and that year, in addition, Harvard had put up a banner to be played for by the winners of their own league and of Yale's interscholastic league. Stonefield Academy was practically sure of the cup in this last series, and Melden sought revenge upon her ancient rival for the foot-ball defeat in the fall.

So, as soon as foot-ball was over, and long before the skating season was on, the Melden

polo captain every afternoon led a little crowd down to the tennis-court back of the lecture-hall. Here he instructed his men in the fine points of passing, juggling, blocking, and driving, until by the time the season opened they were, as the captain said exultingly, "as hard as nails and twice as sharp." This preliminary practice was a new idea of his own, and he was proud of it.

One of the best features of the game of ice-polo is the fact that weight is of no special advantage to a player. It is the boy who can skate fastest, dodge quickest, and use his brain to the best advantage who makes the best player.

And that is why among the boys who daily passed and drove for goal on the tennis-court were "Big" Marsh, who tipped the gymnasium scales at 188 pounds, and "Brownie" Graham, who stood five feet three on his skates. Marsh could encircle the Brownie's ankle with his thumb and finger.

"Hi, there, Brownie! What do you think you're doing?" yelled one of his classmates, when he first appeared with his polo-stick.

"Putting on weight," replied the Brownie gravely.

The academy correspondent of a city newspaper had been responsible for this nickname. In one of his articles about the foot-ball eleven he had written: "Graham, '99, who has been

playing quarter on the second eleven, looks like a diminutive Brownie. He is quick and sandy, but his 120 pounds of weight make him too light to be of much use in tackling."

This paragraph met the eye of his elder brother, "Pud" Graham, as he looked over the morning paper in his room at Harvard.

"Little lunatic!" he growled. "'Brownie!' I should say so. Why, the Kid never weighed one hundred and five in his life, and some one has persuaded that newspaper man to push his weight up. I'll soon rout him out of that!" And in disregard of the bell which began to call him to his ten-o'clock lecture, he sat down and wrote a letter which began, "Dear Kid," and ended something like this, "So, as I want to see you live long enough to try for a 'Varsity eleven after you have a little more 'beef' and a good deal more sense, you just get right out of that squad as soon as you can. Don't drop the game, but play it in your own class for a while."

Pud Graham heard no more of his youthful brother until three weeks later, when he received a paper addressed in a sprawly handwriting. It was the *Melden Academy Weekly*, and this item was marked around in ink:

The final game in the Inter-house Foot-ball League was played yesterday between the Berkeley street team and Mrs. Lane's. Berkeley won—12 to 4. Graham of the Berkeley team broke his nose soon after the second half began, but played out the game.

"Not so bad," said the elder brother, in an indifferent way which could not quite cover his pride, as he tossed the paper over to his roommate. "The Kid has plenty of pluck."

That was exactly what the captain of the Melden eleven said when he heard of it; and, two days later, meeting the Berkeley quarter in the yard with his eyes shining from behind a huge nose-mask, he asked kindly:

"How's the nose, Graham? Better? That's good. You get some weight on, and we might have room for you next fall." That last sentence had been food for the Brownie by day and sleep by night; and as his first step in the putting on of weight, he began to try for the polo team.

The captain of the team played first rush, but there were a half-dozen boys who were try-

ing for the position of second rush. By and by, as the pond froze and the team could get its practice on ice, this number was slowly cut down until Marsh and the Brownie were the only survivors to fight it out. The big fellow was not an unusually fast skater, but he was by far the cleverest boy on the pond in "juggling" the ball, and some of his moves in keeping the ball away from the enemy were marvelous. But he was slow in passing and in getting down the surface, whereas the Brownie could skate around even the captain. The younger boy, though, was not so skilful in keeping the ball as his bulky rival, and so honors were about even.

The cup was retained by the Melden team against their rivals in the league, without an effort. The tennis-court practice had pulled the team together amazingly, and they were a month ahead of the other schools in knowledge of the game. The two rival second rushers had equal chances in these games, but at the close of the series the place was still unsettled for the great game with Stonefield, which had now become a certainty.

Three days before the game the captain caught up with the Brownie as the team were walking briskly out to the pond for their regular practice, and said:

"Oh, I guess we'll give you a show on Saturday, old man. I hear Stonefield's half-back is quick as a cat, and if we make a goal it will have to be on a pass. Marsh would try to poke it in alone, as he always does, and their half-back would get the ball away before he knew what was up." That afternoon the Brownie played as never before.

But Mr. Brooks, one of the young instructors who had taught the team several new tricks, was provoked when he heard of the captain's intention. He was a graduate of Wilmouth, which believes in weight first, last, and always for its teams. He flatly refused to have anything more to do with the team unless Marsh were to play.

"Graham is the cleverest little player I ever saw," he said; "but he can never last through a game against that big Stonefield team. They will just smother him by sheer weight." So the captain, as many school captains have done

before him, gave in against his own judgment, and it was settled that Marsh was to play.

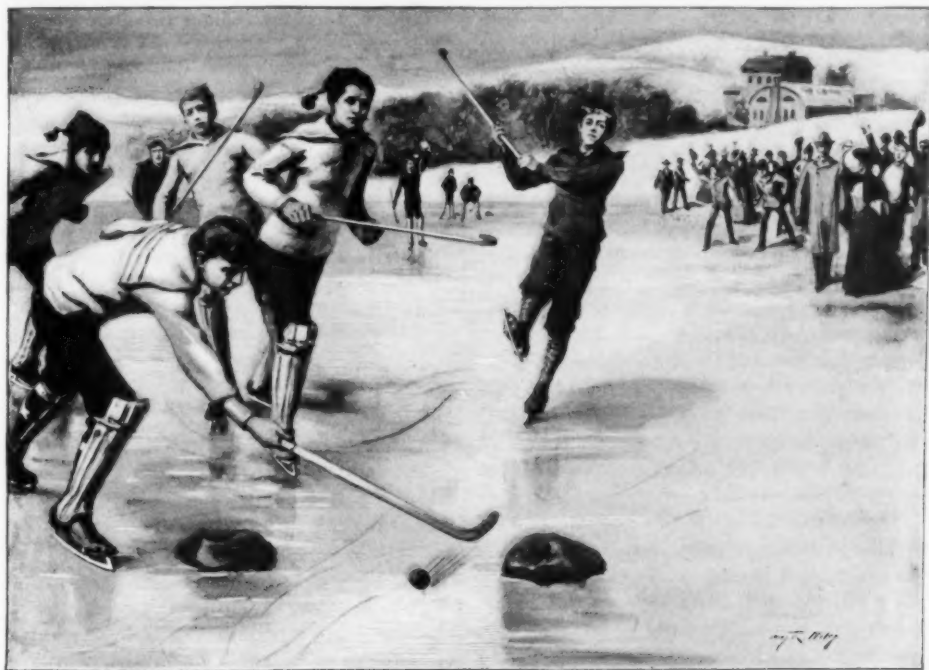
"You 'll see your 'whirligig' go to smash, though," said the captain.

"I 'll risk it," the coach replied, with a rather uneasy laugh.

Now the "whirligig" was the pet trick of the Melden team and the product of Brooks's brain.

the pass accurate and quick, nine times out of ten the first rush could shoot the ball through the unprotected part of the goal before the goal-tend could get back to that side.

It was a clever trick, and the Brownie and the captain played it like clockwork. Marsh was too big to wheel quickly, and in consequence half the time he failed on it.



"THE BALL SHOT FROM HIS STICK IN THROUGH THE GOAL." (SEE PAGE 271.)

It was worked in this way: The second rusher carried the ball down the left-hand side of the surface, while the first rush kept on down the right-hand side. Just before the second rusher came within reach of the opposing half-back's stick he made a feint for a back-hand shot at the goal. This of course brought the half-back and goal-tend over to the left-hand side of the goal to block off the shot. But instead of making the drive, the second rusher wheeled short around as he lifted his stick, and snapped the ball in the same movement over to the first rush, who had taken his place on the right hand of the goal. If the feint was clever and

The noon train on Saturday brought up to Melden the Stonefield team, with a crowd of backers, and also a small group of Harvard men who had come up to see "the boys fight it out." Pud Graham was among them. He went at once to Berkeley street, and there found a very disconsolate small boy curled up in a chair.

"Hullo, Pud!" he called out; "I 'm glad you came up. Oh, say, is n't it tough luck? They 're not going to let me play, after all. Mr. Brooks thinks I 'm too small."

"Never mind, Kid," said his brother, consolingly. "Perhaps that big Marsh will fall over himself and break his neck."

"No such luck!" said the small boy ruefully, as he hunted out his skates. "Let 's go over to Commons now, and we can go up to the pond from there."

"Where are your shin-guards?" Pud asked, as they left the house.

"Never wear 'em," the Brownie replied shortly. "Can't move my legs fast enough when they 're all tied up."

Two hours later the polo surface of the Melden pond was marked out by a black rectangle of excited boys. The ice was faultless, and the ten players glided over the smooth playing-surface, stamping on their skates to settle them firmly, or now and then kneeling to tighten a loosening strap.

"They 'll go at us with a rush," said the Melden captain, as he collected his team a minute before the game began. "We 'll have to play a steady and careful game till their spurt is letting up, and then we 'll take our turn."

The first half was rather uneventful. As expected, the Stonefield rushers bombarded the Melden goal at long and short range, and after five minutes of fierce scrimmaging the ball dribbled slowly between the stones of the Melden goal, and a wild yell announced the first goal for the visitors.

Three times during the rest of the half the Melden rushers got under way with the ball, three times the captain sang out, "Quickly!" the signal for the "whirligig," and three times Marsh tried the quick feint and whirl, but each time he had hung fire a bit, and in that instant the Stonefield half-back, who proved to be even quicker than a cat, had neatly hooked the ball away and sent it off to one side.

A minute before time was up, however, the Melden center, in defiance of all customs of the game, sailed up to the Stonefield goal entirely alone, and drove with all his might. The ball struck the goal-tend's skate, but by the greatest luck caromed through the goal instead of away, and the score was tied.

The second half had hardly begun when Marsh, who was piloting the ball skilfully up the side, although beset by the two Stonefield rushers, skated too near the crowd. His skate caught in the stick of one of the excited substitutes in the front rank, and he pitched heavily

forward. His forehead struck the skate of one of the Stonefield players, and a red stain appeared upon the ice below his head. A dozen skates began chipping up ice, and an icy bandage was soon around his head; but the bruise upon his forehead swelled so as to close one eye, and when he tried to rise his legs failed him. Even Mr. Brooks saw that Marsh, though not much hurt, could not go on; and the wounded player was made comfortable upon a pile of overcoats.

"Come on, Graham!" sang out the captain.

And then out on the glassy surface glided the Brownie. His round red cheeks were not quite so red as usual, but his eyes were bright, and the broad crimson collar of his sweater flapped confidently up and down on his sturdy little shoulders. His unprotected black legs looked ridiculously small beside the immense padded shin-guards of the rest of the players.

But the Brownie's debut was not exactly a success. He had been on the surface hardly a minute when an unsuccessful shot of his captain's sent the ball back of the Stonefield goal. The Brownie went to bring it in; but instead of passing it back on the outside, he sent it in his excitement directly through the goal, but in the wrong direction. Now, this is a capital offense in ice-polo; and when five Stonefield voices yelled, "Foul!" the referee allowed the claim.

"Oh, Brownie," groaned the captain, "I 'm afraid that 's the game!" For by the rules, when the game ends in a tie, the team making the least number of fouls wins.

And now began the hottest playing of the game. Melden was desperate; and the Brownie and his captain flashed up and down the ice, juggling, passing, driving, smashing, following the ball as though tied to it. Time and again they swept down on the opposing goal together, using every trick in their knowledge; but the obstinate Stonefield defense was too much.

Even the "whirligig" failed; for the Stonefield men had learned the signal "Quickly!" and kept their eyes on the captain, disregarding the Brownie's clever feint.

Excitement rose as the half drew near an end. Up and down the surface rushed the ball; but

go where it would, a crimson sweater was near it, and a red-tipped polo-stick was tapping it.

"Two minutes more!" shouted the referee; and for an instant there was a lull. The ball was now near the Melden goal, in the Brownie's possession.

"Now, Brownie, make up for the foul!" squeaked a mite of a first-year boy in the front row, and the crowd laughed. The laugh grew into a roar as the Melden second rush dug his sharp skate-toe into the ice, and was off down the left-hand side of the surface.

Right at his side strained a Stonefield rusher in a vain effort to reach the ball; but as they flew down the surface, neck and neck, the Stonefield center blocked the path, and smashed furiously at the ball.

The stick fell, not on the ball, but on the poor, unpadded shins of the Brownie; for the instant before he had jerked the ball swiftly across the surface to his captain, who was now speeding along with it unmolested.

"It's our last chance," thought the captain; and as he pushed the ball with long, even strokes he shouted, "Quickly, Brownie, quickly!"

The Brownie never heeded the terrific blow on his shins. With a little spring he cleared the stick, and worked his short legs like mad, with a cry of "Let her come!"

The return pass of the captain across the surface was easy; and now, with the ball dancing ahead of him, the Brownie raced down upon the goal, his little face blazing, his yellow hair flying out beneath his red toque, and the short *clip, clip*, of his skate-blades sending out showers of ice-chips.

The Stonefield team had heard the familiar signal, and were ready for the play. The half-back and goal-tend crouched low, with one eye on the Brownie and the other on the captain, and they edged over a bit to the captain's side. The rushers and center were skating down like mad to intercept the pass.

And now the Brownie was almost at the goal. With a sharp whirl of steel he made his back-hand feint, and wheeled to make the pass. But quick as was his whirl, his eye was quicker, and even as his stick was raised for the pass he saw three men between him and the cap-

tain; but he saw, too, that the goal for about a foot on his side was unguarded.

Hardly realizing what he did, he raised his stick a bit higher, and in the midst of his wheel drove the ball, not to the captain, but hard and quick at the narrow strip of clear ice.

Like a red flash, the ball shot from his stick in through the goal, and the millionth part of a second later the goal-tend's skate came up against the stone of the goal with a vicious click. But he had seen the new move too late. By this time the red ball was speeding merrily over the ice back of the goal, and the Brownie was gliding down the surface on one leg, with his other foot in the air, as high as his head.

The polo captain wanted to hug the Brownie, but instead he went and tried to make the dancing, howling crowd clear the surface. It took him five minutes to do this, but he thought he was lucky to accomplish the task even in that time. The remaining minute and few seconds were played out, of course, and then no one tried to stop the rush of the frantic boys.

"Here, let me have him for a minute, will you, please?" said a man with a business-like voice, as he fought his way to where the Brownie's breath was being pounded out of him by friendly thumps. He was a sketch-artist sent up by the newspaper to get some "breezy bits of the game," and he knew what these were when he saw them.

"I'm not Palmer Cox," he said to the admiring circle of youngsters, as he sketched in rapidly the outlines of the winner of the game, who leaned upon his stick and beamed on the assembly; "but I rather imagine I can make up a neat little bit out of *this* young Brownie."

That evening, in Berkeley street, the Brownie chuckled to himself as he pulled off his stockings.

"Look here, Pud," he said. "What do you think about my putting on weight? Are n't these good for two pounds apiece?" And he stretched out his sturdy legs, each of which was adorned with a black-and-blue lump.

"I don't care about your legs swelling," his brother replied. "It's your head I'm troubled about. You won't be able to put your hat on to-morrow after you read the paper."

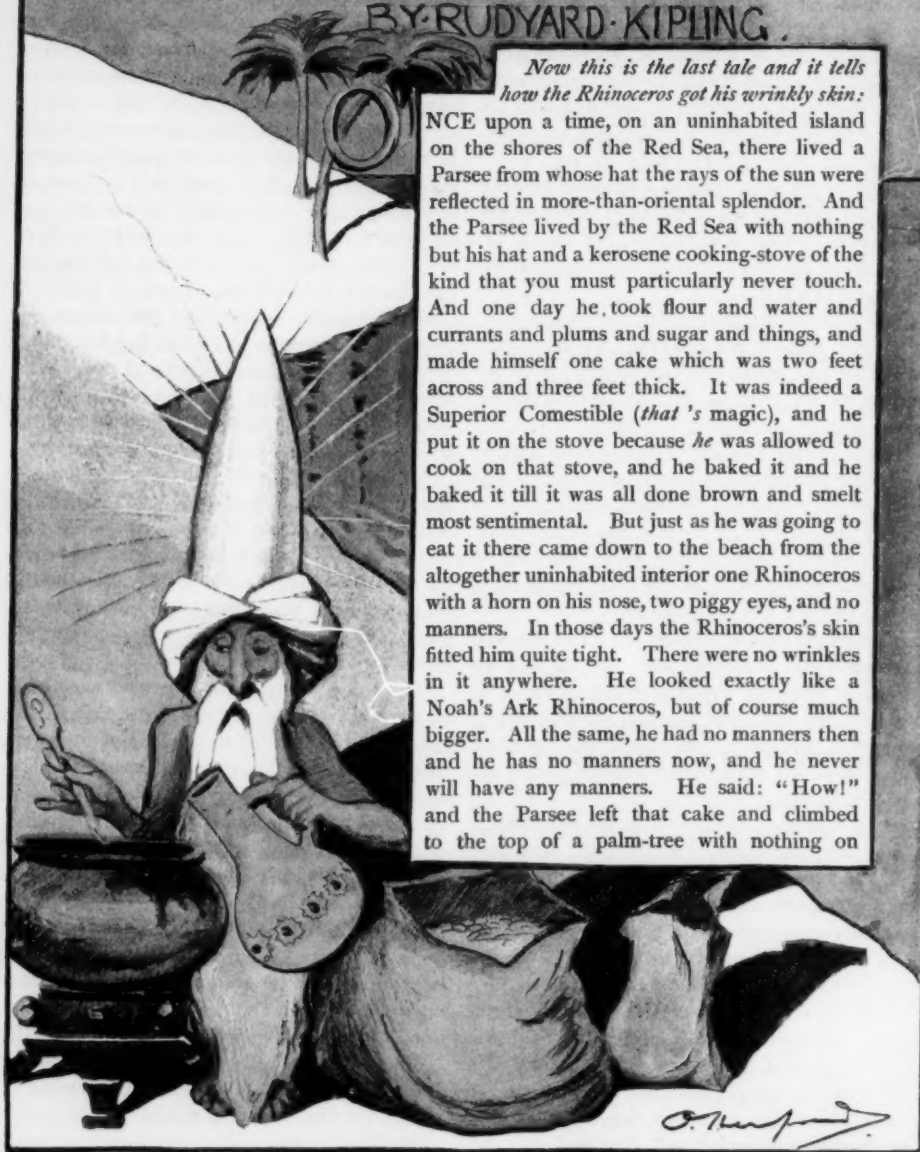
But the Brownie only grinned.

"Just So" Stories

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

*Now this is the last tale and it tells
how the Rhinoceros got his wrinkly skin:*

ONCE upon a time, on an uninhabited island on the shores of the Red Sea, there lived a Parsee from whose hat the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendor. And the Parsee lived by the Red Sea with nothing but his hat and a kerosene cooking-stove of the kind that you must particularly never touch. And one day he took flour and water and currants and plums and sugar and things, and made himself one cake which was two feet across and three feet thick. It was indeed a Superior Comestible (*that 's magic*), and he put it on the stove because *he* was allowed to cook on that stove, and he baked it and he baked it till it was all done brown and smelt most sentimental. But just as he was going to eat it there came down to the beach from the altogether uninhabited interior one Rhinoceros with a horn on his nose, two piggy eyes, and no manners. In those days the Rhinoceros's skin fitted him quite tight. There were no wrinkles in it anywhere. He looked exactly like a Noah's Ark Rhinoceros, but of course much bigger. All the same, he had no manners then and he has no manners now, and he never will have any manners. He said: "How!" and the Parsee left that cake and climbed to the top of a palm-tree with nothing on



but his hat from
always reflected in

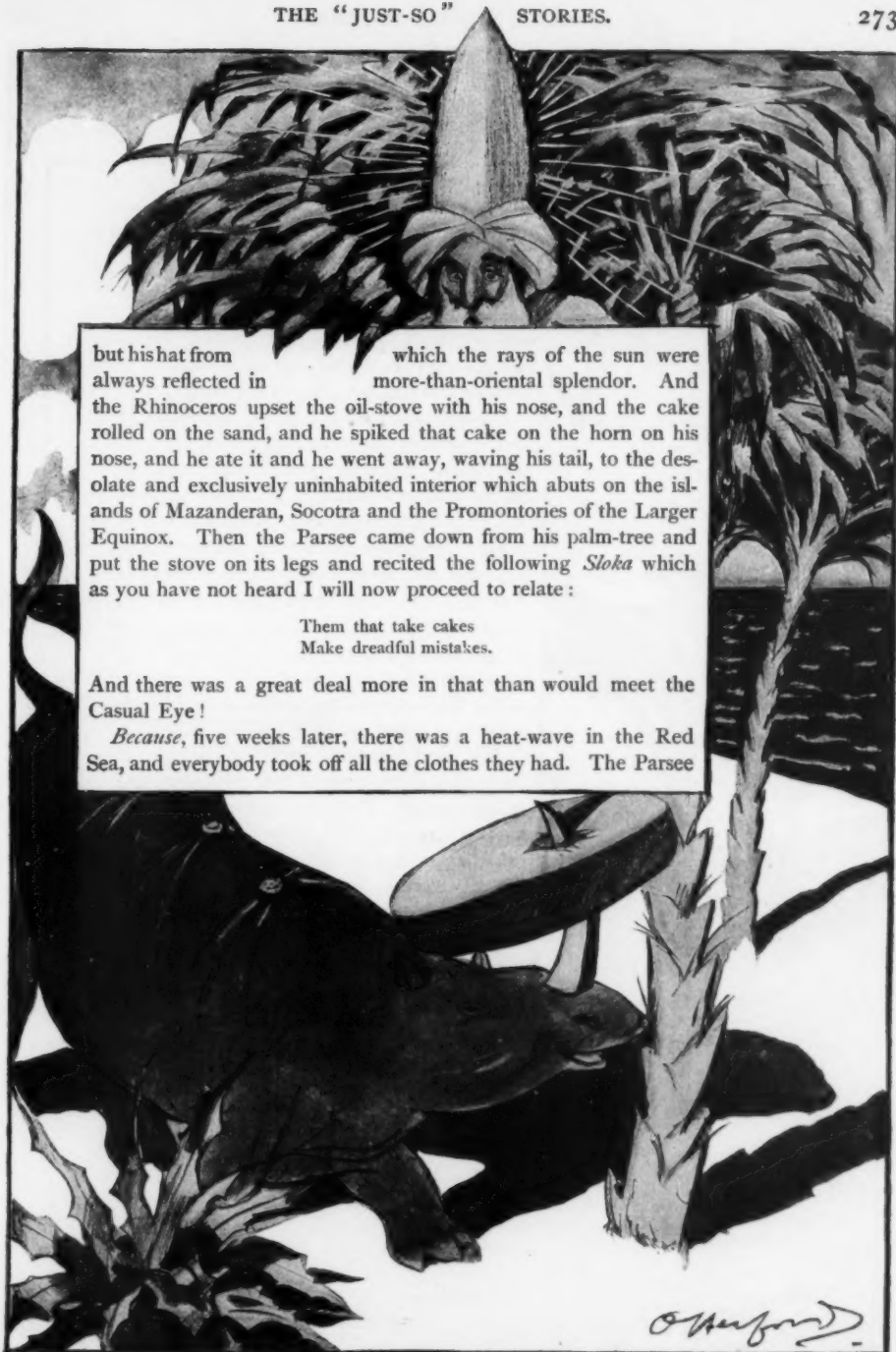
the Rhinoceros upset the oil-stove with his nose, and the cake rolled on the sand, and he spiked that cake on the horn on his nose, and he ate it and he went away, waving his tail, to the desolate and exclusively uninhabited interior which abuts on the islands of Mazanderan, Socotra and the Promontories of the Larger Equinox. Then the Parsee came down from his palm-tree and put the stove on its legs and recited the following *Sloka* which as you have not heard I will now proceed to relate :

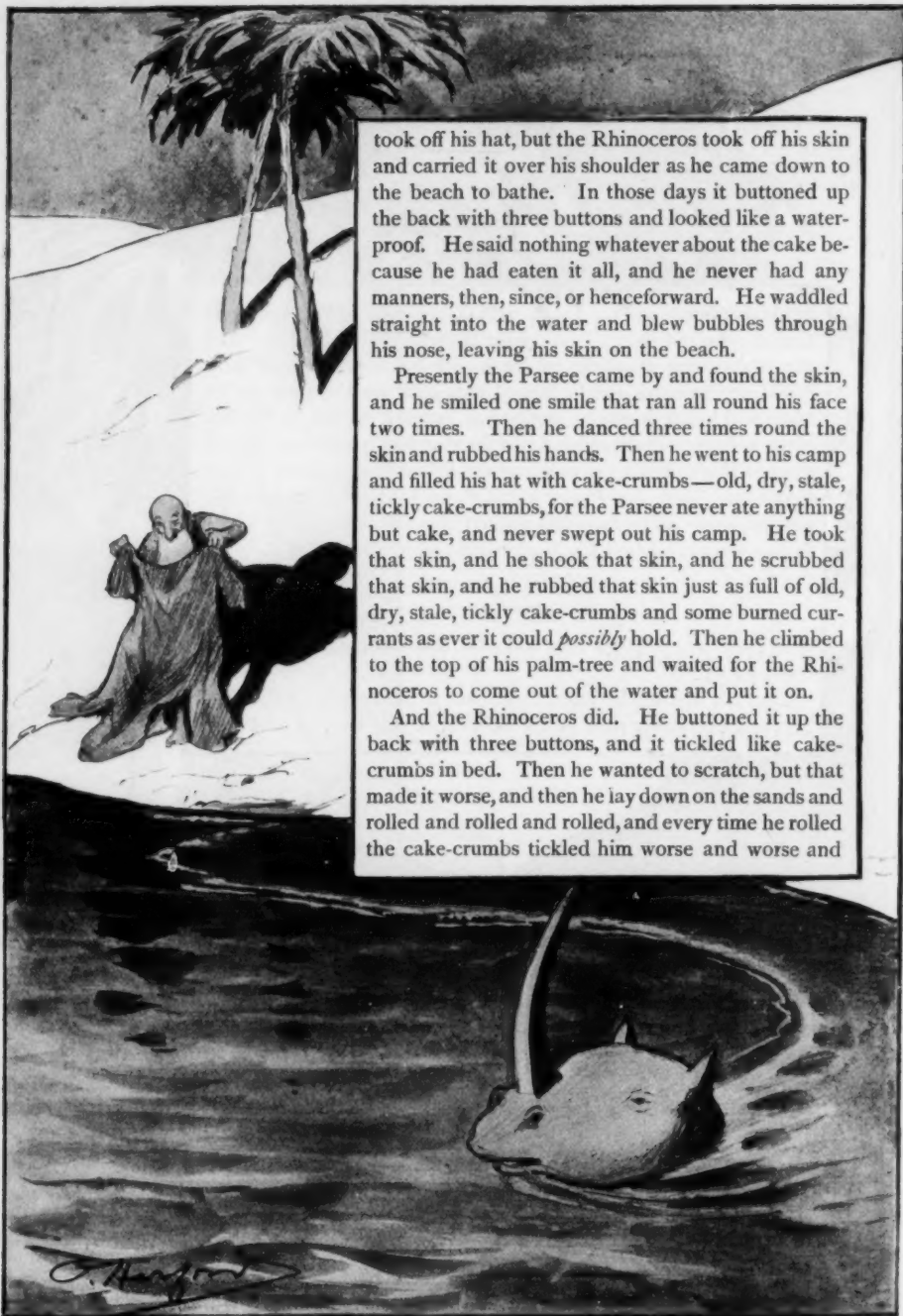
Them that take cakes
Make dreadful mistakes.

And there was a great deal more in that than would meet the Casual Eye!

Because, five weeks later, there was a heat-wave in the Red Sea, and everybody took off all the clothes they had. The Parsee

which the rays of the sun were
more-than-oriental splendor. And

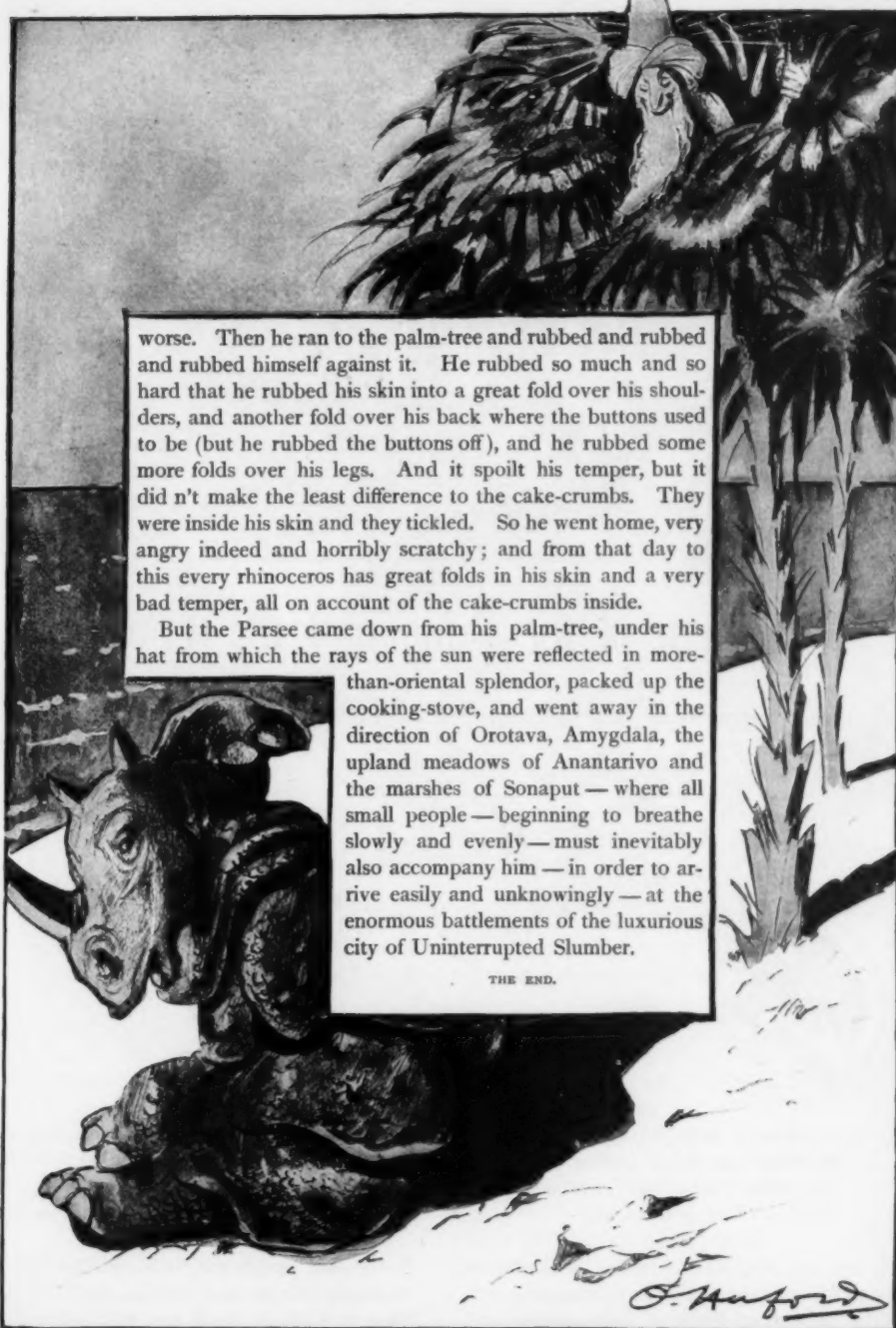




took off his hat, but the Rhinoceros took off his skin and carried it over his shoulder as he came down to the beach to bathe. In those days it buttoned up the back with three buttons and looked like a waterproof. He said nothing whatever about the cake because he had eaten it all, and he never had any manners, then, since, or henceforward. He waddled straight into the water and blew bubbles through his nose, leaving his skin on the beach.

Presently the Parsee came by and found the skin, and he smiled one smile that ran all round his face two times. Then he danced three times round the skin and rubbed his hands. Then he went to his camp and filled his hat with cake-crumbs—old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs, for the Parsee never ate anything but cake, and never swept out his camp. He took that skin, and he shook that skin, and he scrubbed that skin, and he rubbed that skin just as full of old, dry, stale, tickly cake-crumbs and some burned currants as ever it could *possibly* hold. Then he climbed to the top of his palm-tree and waited for the Rhinoceros to come out of the water and put it on.

And the Rhinoceros did. He buttoned it up the back with three buttons, and it tickled like cake-crumbs in bed. Then he wanted to scratch, but that made it worse, and then he lay down on the sands and rolled and rolled and rolled, and every time he rolled the cake-crumbs tickled him worse and worse and



worse. Then he ran to the palm-tree and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed himself against it. He rubbed so much and so hard that he rubbed his skin into a great fold over his shoulders, and another fold over his back where the buttons used to be (but he rubbed the buttons off), and he rubbed some more folds over his legs. And it spoilt his temper, but it did n't make the least difference to the cake-crumbs. They were inside his skin and they tickled. So he went home, very angry indeed and horribly scratchy; and from that day to this every rhinoceros has great folds in his skin and a very bad temper, all on account of the cake-crumbs inside.

But the Parsee came down from his palm-tree, under his hat from which the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendor, packed up the cooking-stove, and went away in the direction of Orotava, Amygdala, the upland meadows of Anantarivo and the marshes of Sonaput — where all small people — beginning to breathe slowly and evenly — must inevitably also accompany him — in order to arrive easily and unknowingly — at the enormous battlements of the luxurious city of Uninterrupted Slumber.

THE END.

J. H. Ford



BY ELSIE HILL.

CREEP closer, closer, little
brown fawn,
The quivering fern be-
tween!
The King and all his
gentlemen
Are clad in hunting-
green.

*Cruelly cries the clanging horn,
While yet the dawn is gray —
The King and all his gentlemen
Ride forth to hunt to-day!*

Hard at his heels, behind him there,
Brave Herluin rode, and bold Guilbert,
Robert the Flame-brand, and Taillefer.

Laughing and jesting, swept the train,
With jingle of stirrup and bridle-rein,
Tinkle of hawk-bell and tercel-chain.

Blind was the trail they had chanced upon;
No glimmer of sun through the thick leaves
shone;
And their hearts grew chill as they galloped on.

Through the wild New Forest, at break of morn,
By paths untrodden and ways unworn,
Went William of England, Norman-born.

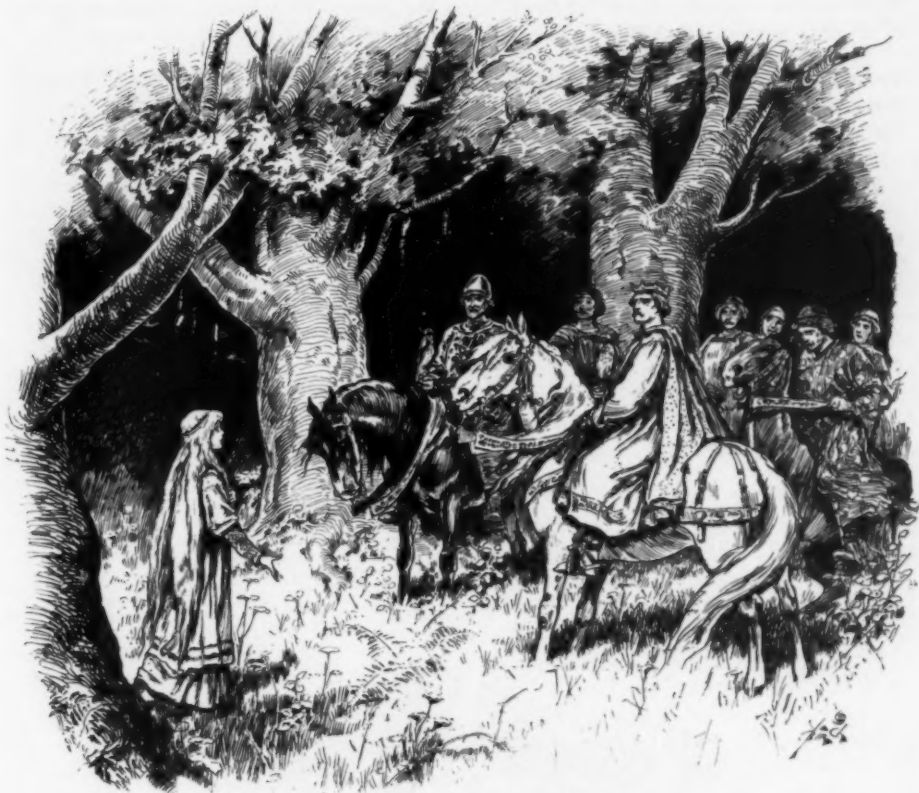
“For beware,” quoth one, “what mischiefs dwell
In lonely dingle and haunted dell,
Since the Saxon witch cast her evil spell:

"'Who knoweth,' she said, 'no pitying grace,
Shall find this wood an enchanted place,
Fatal to him and to all his race!'"

Then a terror settled upon them there,—
On Herluin brave and bold Guilbert,
Robert the Flame-brand, and Taillefer.

Then the King laughed loud: "Yet I'd venture still
More huts to burn over heath and hill,
So my good red deer might roam at will!"

But the soul of a king their leader hath:
"Speak, elfin thing!" he storms in wrath,
"Why dost thou block our palfrey's path?"



"'PRAY YOU, GO BACK AS YOU CAME!' SHE SAID."

Scarce had they trembled the boast to hear,
When his brave horse shuddered, and
stopped for fear
Of the cry which smote on his startled ear,

Sweet and shrill as a troubled bird,
Chilling the hearts of those that heard,
"Back — oh, back!" came its warning word.

She stepped from the screen of a friendly tree,
And "No elf am I, fair sir," said she,
"But Peter the Plowman's Margery!"

"Your path leads straight through my garden-
bed —
You will trample my roses, white and red.
Pray you, go back as you came!" she said.

Then swift fear changeth to wonder there
In Herluin brave and bold Guilbert,
Robert the Flame-brand, and Taillefer.

But none dared smile while his master
frowned:

"How should a garden-bed be found
Deep in the forest's gloomy bound?"

"If it please my lord,"—and she curtsied fair,
While an idle sunbeam wandering there
Made fairy gold of her Saxon hair,—

"Years ago, when the days were good,
Many a happy cottage stood
Here, on the edge of the lovely wood.

"Forests threescore had our lord the King,
Yet lacked he one more for his pleasuring
(Truly it seemeth a bitter thing!).

"They burned our homes over moor and fen.
My father fell with the Hampshire men,
And my mother died, for sorrowing, then.

"Under her rose-tree's sheltering shade
Peter the Plowman found me laid,—
Oft have I heard it,—a tiny maid.

"And my mother's roses, year by year,
Whisper a message none else can hear,
Save the shy wild creatures that venture near.

"For her sweet sake they grow tall and fine;
And on Mary-days, for a tender sign,
They bloom at the convent's
sacred shrine."

The King looked down on her musingly.
She answered his gaze with a glance as free.
"Pray you, go back as you came!" said she.

He shook the bird from his royal wrist:
"Since the Saxon's curse I yet have missed,
For the gift of a rose I seal the tryst."

Where the store of the rose-trees bent them
low,

She broke him a branch like drifted snow,
And fastened it brave at his saddle-bow.

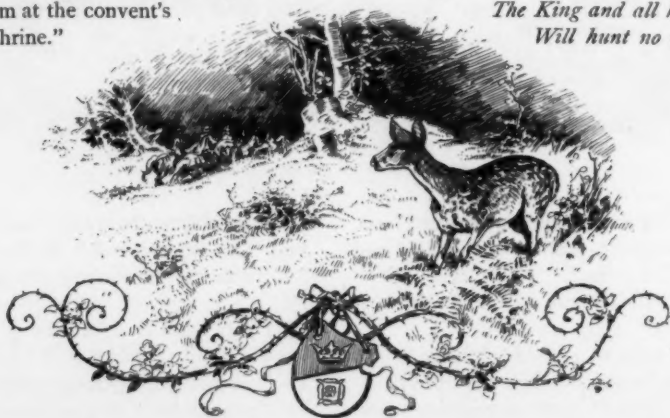
They turned about, and they left her there,
Sir Herluin brave, and bold Guilbert,
Robert the Flame-brand, and Taillefer.

That night King William sat stern and cold;
But Maud, the Queen,—so the tale is told,—
Wore an English rose in her girdle's gold.

And Taillefer, ere the curfew chime,
Wove the tale in a courtly rhyme,
That men might hear, in the after-time,

How the Conqueror great, in joys and woes
Haughty alike to friends and foes,
Turned aside for a child's white rose!

*Now freely, freely, little brown fawn,
The dim glades thou shalt roam—
The King and all his gentlemen
Are winding slowly home.
Merrily laughs the silver horn
Ere yet the dusk is gray—
The King and all his gentlemen
Will hunt no more to-day!*



THE BUCCANEERS OF OUR COAST.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

[This series was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW BARTHOLEMY RESTED HIMSELF.



HERE were full two weeks from the time that Bartholemy began his most adventurous and difficult journey before he reached the little town of Golpho Triste, where, as he had hoped, he found some of his buccaneer friends. Now that his hardships were over, it might have been supposed that Bartholemy would have given himself a long rest; but this hardy pirate had no desire for a vacation at this time. Instead of being worn out and exhausted, he arrived among his friends vigorous and energetic, and exceedingly anxious to recommence business as soon as possible. He told them of all that had happened, and astonished his piratical friends by asking them to furnish him with a small vessel and about twenty men, in order that he might go back and revenge himself.

To do daring and astounding deeds is part of the business of a pirate, and although it was an uncommonly bold enterprise that Bartholemy contemplated, he secured his vessel and his men, and away he sailed. After a voyage of about eight days, he came in sight of the little seaport town, and, sailing slowly along the coast, he waited until nightfall before entering the harbor.

Anchored at a considerable distance from shore was the great Spanish ship on which he had been a prisoner; the sight of the vessel filled his soul with a savage eagerness to revenge himself.

As the little vessel slowly approached the great ship, the people on board the latter

thought it was a trading-vessel from shore, and allowed it to come alongside, such small craft seldom coming from the sea. But the moment Bartholemy reached the ship, he scrambled up its side almost as rapidly as he had jumped down from it with his two wine-jars a few weeks before; and every one of his crew, leaving their own vessel to take care of itself, scrambled up after him.

Nobody on board was prepared to defend the ship. It was the same old story: resting quietly in a peaceful harbor, what danger had they to expect? As usual, the pirates had everything their own way; they were ready to fight, and the others were not; and they were led by a man who was determined to take that ship without giving even a thought to the ordinary alternative of dying in the attempt. The resistance was not worth mentioning, for there were people on board who did not know what was taking place until the vessel had been captured.

As soon as Bartholemy was master of the great vessel, he gave orders to slip the cable and hoist the sails, for he was anxious to get out of that harbor as quickly as possible. The fight had apparently attracted no attention in the town, but there were ships in the port whose company the bold buccaneer did not desire.

Now indeed was Bartholemy triumphant; the ship he had captured was a finer one and a richer one than that other vessel which had been taken from him. It was loaded with valuable merchandise, and we may here remark that, for some reason or other, all Spanish vessels of that day which were taken by pirates seemed to be richly laden.

If our bold pirate had sung wild pirate songs with his crew in the cabin of the Spanish vessel he had first captured, he now sang wilder songs. If Bartholemy could have communicated his great good fortune to the other buccaneers in the West Indies, there would have been a boom in piracy which would have threatened great dan-

ger to the honesty and integrity of the sea-faring men of that region. But nobody, not even a pirate, has any way of finding out what is going to happen next; and if Bartholemy had had an idea of the fluctuations which were about to occur in the market in which he had made his investments, he would have been in a great hurry to sell all his stock very much below par. The fluctuations referred to occurred on the ocean, near the island of Pinos, and came in the shape of great storm-waves, which blew the Spanish vessel, with all its rich cargo and its triumphant pirate crew, high up on the cruel rocks, and wrecked it absolutely and utterly. Bartholemy and his men barely managed to get into a little boat and row themselves away.

All the wealth and treasure which had come to them with the capture of that great Spanish vessel, all the power which the possession of that vessel gave them, and all the wild joy which came to them with riches and power, were lost in as short a space of time as it had taken to gain them.

In the way of well-defined and conspicuous ups and downs, few lives have surpassed that of Bartholemy. He had many adventures after the desperate affair in the Bay of Campeachy, but they must all have turned out badly for him, and consequently very fortunately for divers and sundry Spanish vessels; and during the rest of his life he bore the reputation of an unfortunate pirate. He was one of those men whose success seemed to have depended entirely upon his own exertions. If there happened to be the least chance of his doing anything, he generally did it. Spanish cannon, well-armed Spanish crews, manacles, imprisonment, the dangers of the ocean to a man who could not swim, bloodhounds, alligators, wild beasts, awful forests impenetrable to common men,—all were bravely met and triumphed over by Bartholemy. Yet when it came to ordinary good fortune, such as any pirate might expect, Bartholemy the Portuguese found that he had no chance at all. But he was not a common pirate, and was, therefore, obliged to be content with his uncommon career.

He eventually settled in the island of Jamaica, but nobody knows what became of him.

CHAPTER IX.

A PIRATE AUTHOR.

IN the days which we are considering there were all sorts of pirates, some of whom gained much reputation in one way and some in another; but there was one of them who had a disposition different from that of any of his fellows. He was a regular pirate, but it is not likely that he ever did much fighting; for as he took great pride in the brave deeds of the Brethren of the Coast, he would have been sure to tell us of his own if he had ever performed any. He was a mild-mannered man, and although he was a pirate, he eventually laid aside the pistol, the musket, and the cutlass, and took up the pen—a very uncommon weapon for a buccaneer.

This man was John Esquemeling, supposed by some to be a Dutchman, and by others a native of France. He sailed to the West Indies in the year 1666, in the service of the French West Indian Company. He went out as a peaceable clerk, and had no more idea of becoming a pirate than he had of going into literature, although he finally did both.

At that time the French West Indian Company had a colonial establishment on the island of Tortuga, which was principally inhabited, as we have seen before, by buccaneers in all their various grades and stages, from beef-driers to pirates. The French authorities undertook to supply these lawless people with the goods and provisions which they needed, and built store-houses with everything necessary for carrying on the trade. There were plenty of purchasers, for the buccaneers were willing to buy everything which could be brought from Europe. They were fond of good wine, good groceries, good firearms and ammunition, fine cutlasses, and, very often, good clothes in which they could disport themselves when on shore. But they had peculiar customs and manners; and although they were willing to buy as much as the French traders had to sell, they could not be prevailed upon to pay their bills. A pirate is not generally the sort of man who cares to pay his bills. When he gets goods at a store, he wants them charged.

That this was the state of feeling on the island of Tortuga was discovered before very

long by the French mercantile agents, who then applied to the mother-country for assistance in collecting the debts due them; and a body of men, who might be called collectors, and after a time the work of endeavoring to collect debts from pirates was given up, and as there was no profit in carrying on business in this way, the mercantile agency was also



"IN A SMALL BOAT FILLED WITH SOME OF HIS TRUSTY MEN ROC ROWED QUIETLY INTO THE PORT." (SEE PAGE 284.)

or deputy sheriffs, was sent out to the island. But although these officers were armed with pistols and swords, as well as with authority, they could do nothing against the buccaneers; given up, and its officials were ordered to sell out everything they had on hand, and to come home. There was, therefore, a sale for which cash payments were demanded, and there was

a great bargain-day on the island of Tortuga. Everything was disposed of: the stock of merchandise on hand, the tables, the desks, the stationery, the bookkeepers, the clerks, and the errand-boys. The living items of the stock on hand were considered to be property and were sold as slaves.

John Esquemeling was bought by one of the French officials who had been left on the island, and he described his new master as a veritable fiend. He was worked hard, half fed, treated cruelly in many ways; and, to add to his misery, his master tantalized him by offering to set him free upon the payment of about three hundred dollars. It might as well have been three million dollars, for he had not a penny.

At last he was so fortunate as to fall sick, and his master, as avaricious as he was cruel, fearing that this creature which he owned might die, sold him to a surgeon as one might sell a sick horse to a veterinary surgeon, on the principle that he might make something by curing him.

His new master treated Esquemeling very well, and after he had taken medicine and food enough to set him upon his legs, and had worked for the surgeon about a year, that kind master offered him his liberty if he would promise, as soon as he could earn the money, to pay one hundred dollars, which would be a fair profit to his owner, who had paid but seventy dollars for him. This offer, of course, Esquemeling accepted with delight; and having made the bargain, he stepped forth upon the warm sands of the island of Tortuga, a free and happy man. But he was as poor as a church mouse. He had nothing in the world but the clothes on his back, and at last he came to the conclusion that there was only one way by which to make a living, and he determined to enter into "the wicked order of pirates or robbers at sea."

It must have been a strange thing for a man accustomed to pens and ink, to yard-sticks and scales, to offer to enroll himself in a company of bloody, big-bearded pirates; but a man must eat, and buccaneering was the only profession open to our ex-clerk. For some reason or other, certainly not on account of his bravery and daring, Esquemeling was very well received by the pirates of Tortuga. Perhaps they liked

him because he was a mild-mannered man, and so different from themselves.

As for Esquemeling himself, he soon came to entertain the highest opinions of his pirate companions. He looked upon the buccaneers who had distinguished themselves, as great heroes; and it must have been extremely gratifying to those savage fellows to tell Esquemeling all the wonderful things they had done. Esquemeling might have earned a salary as a listener.

It was not long before his intense admiration of the buccaneers and their performances began to produce in him the feeling that these great exploits should not be lost to the world; and so he set about writing their lives and adventures.

He remained with the pirates for several years, and during that time worked very industriously getting together material for his history. When he returned to his own country in 1672, he there completed a book which he called, "The Buccaneers of America; or, The True Account of the Most Remarkable Assaults Committed of Late Years upon the Coasts of the West Indies by the Buccaneers, etc. By John Esquemeling, One of the Buccaneers, Who Was Present at Those Tragedies."

From this title it is probable that, in the capacity of reporter, our literary pirate accompanied his comrades on their various voyages and assaults; and although he states he was present at many of "those tragedies," he makes no reference to any deeds of valor or cruelty performed by himself, which shows him to have been a wonderfully conscientious historian. There are persons, however, who doubt his impartiality, because, as he liked the French, he always gave the pirates of that nationality the credit for most of the bravery displayed on their expeditions, and all of the magnanimity and courtesy, if there happened to be any; while the surliness, brutality, and extraordinary wickedness were all ascribed to the English. But be this as it may, Esquemeling's history was a success. It contained a great deal of information regarding buccaneering in general; and most of the stories of pirates which we have already told, and many of the surprising narrations which are to come, have been taken from the book of this buccaneer historian.

CHAPTER X.

THE STORY OF ROC THE BRAZILIAN.

HAVING given the history of a very plain and quiet buccaneer who was a reporter and writer, we will pass to the consideration of a regular out-and-out pirate, from whose mast-head would have floated the black flag with its skull and cross-bones if that emblematic piece of bunting had been then in use.

This famous buccaneer was called Roc because he had to have a name, and his own was unknown or suppressed, and "the Brazilian" because he was born in Brazil—though his parents were Dutch.

Unlike most of his fellow-practitioners, he did not gradually become a pirate. From his early youth he never had an intention of being anything else. As soon as he grew to be a man he became one of the buccaneers, and at the first opportunity he joined a pirate crew, and had made but a few voyages when it was perceived by his companions that he was destined to become a most remarkable sea-robber. He was put in command of a ship, and in a very short time after he had set out on his first independent cruise, he fell in with a Spanish ship loaded with silver bullion. Having captured this, he sailed with his prize to Jamaica, which was one of the great resorts of the English buccaneers. There his success delighted the community, and soon he was generally acknowledged as the head pirate of the West Indies.

As for Esquemeling, he simply reveled in the deeds of the great Brazilian desperado. If he had been writing the life and times of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, or Mr. Gladstone, he could not have been more enthusiastic in his praises. And as in "The Arabian Nights" the roc is described as the greatest of birds, so, in the eyes of the buccaneer biographer, this Roc was the greatest of pirates.

This renowned pirate from Brazil must have been a terrible fellow to look at. He was strong and brawny, his face was short and very wide, with high cheek-bones, and his countenance probably resembled that of a pug dog. It was his custom in the day-time to walk about carrying a drawn cutlass resting easily upon his

arm, edge up, very much as a fine gentleman carries his high silk hat.

He was a man who insisted upon being obeyed instantly. But although he was so strict and exacting during the business sessions of his piratical year,—by which I mean when he was cruising around after prizes,—he was very much more disagreeable when he was taking a vacation. On his return to Jamaica from one of his expeditions, it was his habit to give himself some relaxation after the hardships and dangers through which he had passed; and on such occasions, with his cutlass waving high in the air, he would often rush into the street, and take a whack at every one whom he met. As far as was possible the citizens allowed him to have the street to himself, and it was not at all likely that his visits to Jamaica were looked forward to with any eager anticipation.

As we have seen, the hatred of the Spaniards by the buccaneers began very early in the settlement of the West Indies, and in fact it is very likely that if there had been no Spaniards there would never have been any buccaneers; but in all the instances of ferocious enmity toward the Spaniards there has been nothing to equal the feelings of Roc the Brazilian upon that subject. His dislike to everything Spanish arose, he declared, from cruelties which had been practised upon his parents by people of that nation, and his main principle of action throughout all his piratical career seems to have been that there was nothing too bad for a Spaniard. The object of his life was to wage bitter war against Spanish ships and Spanish settlements. He was a typical pirate.

Roc was very successful in his enterprises, and took a great deal of valuable merchandise to Jamaica but although he and his crew were always rich men when they went on shore, they did not remain in that condition very long. The buccaneers of that day were all very extravagant, and, moreover, they were great gamblers, and it was not uncommon for them to lose everything they possessed before they had been on shore a week. Then there was nothing for them to do but to go on board their vessels, and put out to sea in search of some fresh prize. So far Roc's career had not been very different from those of many other com-

panions of the coast, differing from them only in respect to intensity and force; but he was a clever man with ideas, and was able to adapt himself to circumstances.

He was cruising about Campeachy without seeing any craft that were worth capturing when he thought that it would be very well for him to go out on a sort of marine scouting-expedition, and find out whether there were then any Spanish vessels in the bay which were well laden, and which were likely soon to come out. So in a small boat filled with some of his trusty men he rowed quietly into the port to see what he could discover. If he had had Esquemeling with him, and had sent that mild-mannered observer into the harbor to investigate into the state of affairs and come back with a report, it would have been a great deal better for the pirate captain; but he chose to go himself, and he came to grief.

No sooner did the people on the ships lying in the harbor behold a boat approaching with a big-browed, broad-jawed mariner sitting in the stern, and with many more broad-backed mariners than were necessary pulling at the oars, than they gave the alarm. The well-known pirate was recognized, and it was not long before he was captured. Roc must have had a great deal of confidence in his own powers, or perhaps he relied somewhat upon the fear which his very presence evoked. But he made a mistake this time. He had run into the lion's jaws, and the lion closed his teeth upon him.

When the pirate captain and his companions were brought before the governor he made no pretense of putting them upon trial. So Roc and his men were thrown into a dungeon and condemned to be executed.

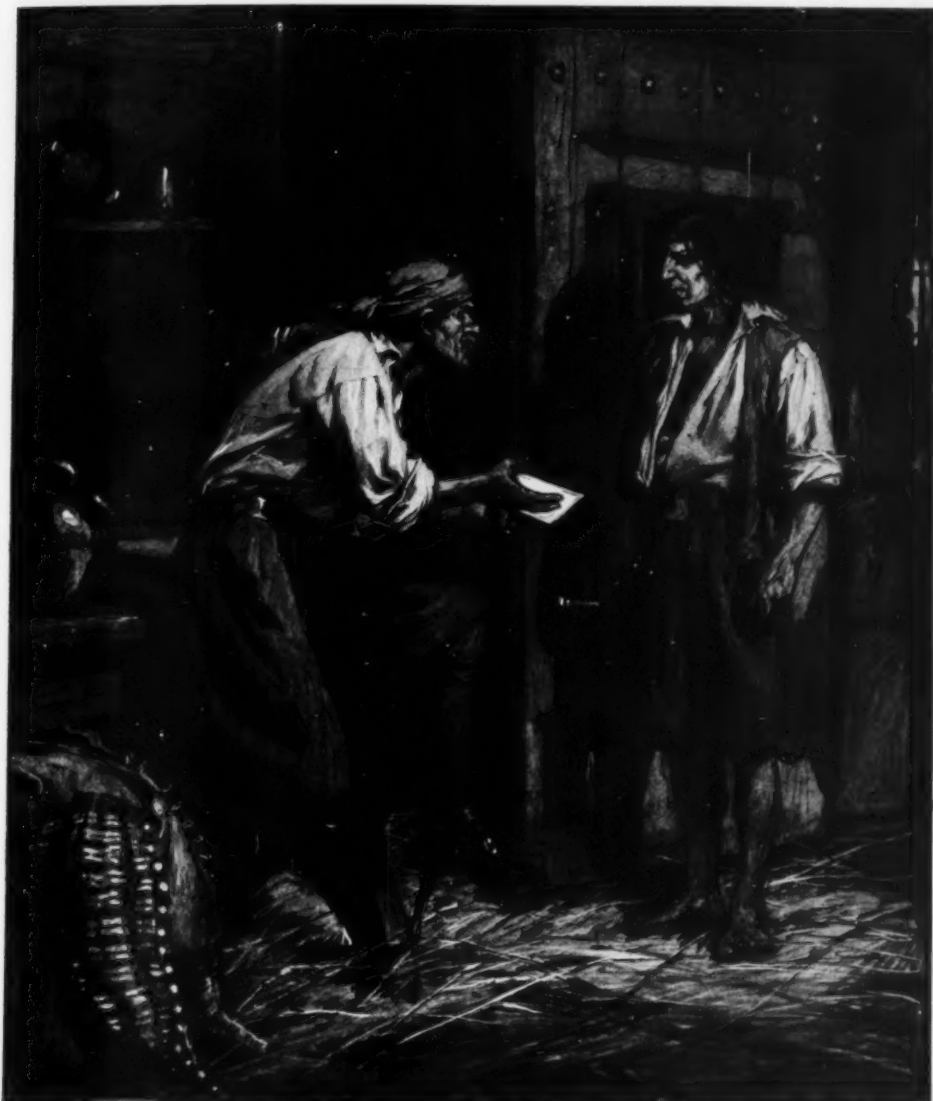
During the time that preparations were going on for making examples of these impertinent pirates, who had dared to enter the port of Campeachy, Roc was racking his brains to find some method of getting out of the terrible scrape into which he had fallen. This was a branch of the business in which a capable pirate was obliged to be proficient; if he could not get himself out of scrapes he could not expect to be successful. In this case there was no chance of disposing of sentinels, or jumping

overboard with a couple of wine-jars for a life-preserver, or of trying any of those ordinary things which pirates were in the habit of doing when escaping from their captors. Roc and his men were in a dungeon on land, inside of a fortress, and if they escaped from this they would find themselves unarmed in the midst of a body of Spanish soldiers. Their stout arms and their stout hearts were of no use to them now, and they were obliged to depend upon their wits, if they had any. Roc had plenty of wit, and he used it well; there was a slave, probably some European who had been made prisoner, who came in to bring him food and drink, and by means of this man the pirate hoped to play a trick upon the governor. He promised the slave that if he would help him,—and he said it would be very easy to do so,—he would give him money enough to buy his freedom and to return to his friends; and this, of course, was a great inducement to the poor fellow, who may have been an Englishman or a Frenchman in good circumstances at home. The slave agreed to the proposals, and the first thing he did was to bring some writing-materials to Roc, who thereupon began the composition of a letter upon which he based all his hopes of life and freedom.

When he was coming into the bay Roc had noticed a large French vessel that was lying at some distance from the town, and he wrote his letter as if it had come from the captain of this ship. In the character of this French captain he addressed his letter to the governor of the town, and in it he stated that he had understood that certain companions of the coast, for whom he had great sympathy,—for the French and the buccaneers were always good friends,—had been captured by the governor, who, he heard, had threatened to execute them.

The French captain, by the hand of Roc, went on to say that if harm should come to these brave men, who had been taken and imprisoned when they were doing no harm to anybody, he would swear, in his most solemn manner, that never, for the rest of his life, would he give quarter to any Spaniard who might fall into his hands, and he moreover threatened that any kind of vengeance which should become possible for the buccaneers and French

united to inflict upon the Spanish ships, or Roc, the letter was given to him with very particular directions as to what he was to do with as soon as possible after he should hear of any it. He was to disguise himself as much as



"WHEN THE SLAVE CAME BACK TO ROC, THE LETTER WAS GIVEN TO HIM WITH VERY PARTICULAR DIRECTIONS."

injury that might be inflicted upon the unfortunate men who were then lying imprisoned in the fortress. When the slave came back to possible, so that he should not be recognized by the people of the place, and then in the night he was to make his way out of the town, and

early in the morning was to return as if he had been walking along the shore of the harbor, when he was to state that he had been put on shore from the French vessel in the offing with a letter which he was ordered to present to the governor.

The slave performed his part of the business very well. The next day, wet and bedraggled from making his way through the weeds and mud of the coast, he presented himself at the fortress with his letter, and when he was allowed to take it to the governor no one suspected that he was a person employed about the place. Having fulfilled his mission, he departed, and when seen again he was the same servant whose business it was to carry food to the prisoners.

The governor read the letter with a disquieted mind; he knew that the French ship, which was lying outside the harbor, was a powerful vessel, and he did not like French ships anyway. The town had once been taken and very badly treated by a little fleet of French and English buccaneers, and he was very anxious that nothing of the kind should happen again.

There was no effective Spanish force in the harbor at that time, and he did not know how many buccaneering vessels might be able to gather together in the bay if it should become known that the great pirate Roc had been put to death in Campeachy.

It was unusual for a prisoner to have powerful friends so near by, and the governor took Roc's case into most earnest consideration. A few hours' reflection was sufficient to convince him that it would be very unsafe to take risks with such a dangerous prize as the pirate Roc, and he determined to get rid of him as soon as possible. He felt himself in the position of a man who has stolen a baby-bear, and who hears through the woods the roar of an approaching parent: to throw away the cub and walk off as though he had no idea there were any bears in that forest would be the inclination of a man so situated; and to get rid of the great pirate without provoking the vengeance of his friends was the natural inclination of the governor.

Now, Roc and his men were treated well,

and having been brought before the governor, were told that in consequence of their having committed no overt act of disorder, they would be set at liberty and shipped to Spain, upon the single condition that they would abandon piracy, and agree to become quiet citizens.

To these terms Roc and his men agreed without argument. They declared they would retire from the buccaneering business, and that nothing would suit them better than to return to the ways of civilization and virtue. There was a ship about to depart for Spain, and on this the governor gave Roc and his men free passage to the other side of the ocean. There is no doubt that our buccaneers would have much preferred to have been put on board the French vessel; but Roc made no suggestion of the kind, knowing how astonished the French captain would be if the governor were to communicate with him on the subject.

On the voyage to Spain, Roc was on his good behavior; and he was a man who knew how to behave very well when it was absolutely necessary; no doubt there must have been many dull days on board ship, but Roc showed himself to be such an able-bodied and willing sailor that the captain allowed him to serve as one of the crew.

Roc knew how to do many things; not only could he fight and rob, but he knew how to turn an honest penny when there was no other way of filling his purse. He had learned among the Indians how to shoot fish with a bow and arrows, and on this voyage across the Atlantic he occupied all his spare time in sitting in the rigging and shooting the fish which disported themselves about the vessel. These fish he sold to the officers; and we are told that in this way he earned no less than five hundred crowns—perhaps that many dollars. If this account is true, fish must have been very costly in those days; but it showed plainly that if Roc had desired to get into an honest business he would have found fish-shooting a profitable occupation. In every way Roc behaved so well that for his sake all his men were treated kindly and allowed many privileges.

But when this party of reformed pirates reached Spain and were allowed to go where

they pleased, they thought no more of the promise they had made to abandon piracy than they thought of the reckless boasts which they had uttered when strolling about on the island of Jamaica.

They had no ship and not enough money to buy one, but as soon as they could manage it they sailed back to the West Indies, and soon found themselves in Jamaica, as bold and as bloody buccaneers as ever.

Not only did Roc cast from him every thought of reformation and a respectable life, but he determined to begin the business of piracy on a grander scale than ever before. He made a compact with an old French buccaneer named Tributor, and with a large company of buccaneers he actually set out to take a town. Having lost everything, our doughty pirate now desired to make a grand strike, and if he could take a town and pillage it of everything valuable it contained, he would make a good fortune in a short time and might retire and be rich thereafter.

The town which Roc and Tributor had determined to attack was Merida, in Yucatan; and although this was a bold and rash undertaking, the two pirates were bold and rash enough for anything. Roc had been a prisoner in Merida, and on account of his knowledge of the town he believed that he and his followers could land upon the coast, and then rush upon the unsuspecting garrison, and having annihilated these, make themselves masters of the place.

But their plans did not work very well; they were discovered after they had landed, by some Indians, who hurried to Merida and gave notice of the approach of the buccaneers. Consequently, when Roc and his companions reached the town they found the garrison prepared for them, cannons loaded, and all the approaches guarded. Still the pirates did not hesitate; they advanced fiercely to the attack, just as they were accustomed to do when they were boarding a Spanish vessel, but they soon found that fighting on land was very different from fighting at sea. In a marine combat it is seldom that a party of boarders is attacked in the rear by the enemy, but on land such methods of warfare should always be expected. Now

Roc and Tributor did not expect anything of the kind, and they were, therefore, greatly dismayed when a party of horsemen from the town, who had made a wide detour through the woods, suddenly charged upon their rear. Between the guns of the garrison and the sabers of the horsemen the buccaneers had a very hard time, and it was not long before they were completely defeated. Tributor and a great many of the pirates were killed or taken, and Roc the Brazilian had a terrible fall.

This most memorable fall occurred in the estimation of John Esquemeling, who knew all about the attack on Merida and who wrote the account of it. But he had never expected to be called upon to record that his great hero, Roc the Brazilian, saved his life, after the utter defeat of himself and his companions, by ignominiously running away. The loyal chronicler had a firm belief in the absolute inability of his hero to fly from danger, and Esquemeling could scarcely believe that Roc had retreated from his enemies, deserted his friends, and turned his back upon the principles which he had always proclaimed.

But this downfall of a hero simply shows that Esquemeling, although he was a member of the piratical body, and was proud to consider himself a buccaneer, did not understand the true nature of a pirate. Under the brutality, the cruelty, the dishonesty, and the recklessness of the sea-robbers of those days, there was nearly always meanness and cowardice. Roc, as we have said in the beginning of this sketch, was a typical pirate; under certain circumstances he showed himself to have all those brave and savage qualities which Esquemeling esteemed and revered, and under other circumstances he showed those other qualities which Esquemeling despised, but which are necessary to make up the true pirate.

The historian John seems to have been very much cut up by the manner in which his favorite hero had rounded off his piratical career, and after that he ignored Roc entirely.

This out-and-out pirate was afterward living in Jamaica, but Esquemeling would have nothing more to do with him, nor with the history of his deeds.

(To be continued.)



BY CARRIE CLARK NOTTINGHAM.

GRANDMA was going to have a birthday; and Mirabel was thinking. She had her chin propped by her two plump fists, and her elbows rested on her knees. Her fair little forehead was all in a pucker, and between her eyes were two straight up-and-down lines which brought the brows very close together, quite after the fashion of grown folks when they think unpleasant thoughts.

Not that birthdays are unpleasant; by no means. Mirabel always wished that hers would hurry up, and come two or three times in a year, each time attended by a frosted cake and candles, and a present, too.

To receive a present from some one who loves you is a very easy and delightful act. To give one to quite the dearest grandma in all the world is a much more serious matter—a great puzzle, in fact.

Mirabel unclasped one fat fist, and anxiously regarded the two pennies it contained. She

counted them slowly and carefully. Then she turned them over, and counted them again. She studied the Indian's stolid features, stood him on his head, and counted once more. It did n't do a bit of good, however. She had just two pennies, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

No one had told Mirabel that grandma was to have a birthday. Nobody knew that she was old enough to care for any birthday but her own. But she had seen Aunt Dora working, day after day, on a piece of fine white linen with violets sprinkled all over it. And when Aunt Dora had put the very last stitch into the very last flower, and made it look almost as beautiful as the real ones that grow and have a perfume, she had said to mama, "I wonder if mother will like her birthday gift?" And mama had said, "Why, Dora, how could she help it?"

Then she had watched mama pack a neat wooden box with quite the prettiest preserve-

jars imaginable. Her mouth watered when she heard mama telling Aunt Dora what was in them.

Then mama had said:

"I should like to send mother something else for her birthday, but this is the best I can do this time."

And Aunt Dora had exclaimed, "Why, sister, she will be delighted, and very proud of you besides!"

Mirabel wished that she could make grandma delighted and very proud of *her*. But two pennies were so very few. The only thing she could think of that mama ever bought with two cents was a cake of yeast, and of course a cake of yeast would n't do for grandma's birthday.

"I 'll just have to tell her that I love her," thought Mirabel, rather sadly. "That 's all that I can do. Mama says that even when people know that we love them, they like to be told about it. I 'll spend my two cents for a postage-stamp."

So she asked Aunt Dora to help her with the spelling, and spent nearly all one afternoon "getting her love ready to send to grandma," as she put it.

When her birthday came the postman brought grandma a little letter that made her wipe her eyes several times before she could see to read it all.

"Dear Grandma," it said, "I love you ever so much—bushels and bushels. I wanted to send you something nice for your birthday, but I only had two cents. They would n't buy anything nice enough for my grandma. I can't

make anything pretty, either. I can only tell you that I love you, and spend the pennies for a postage-stamp to send the letter.

"With lots and lots of love and hugs and kisses.
"MIRABEL."

"Well! well!" said grandma, and her lips trembled a little as she spoke. "Bless the dear child! That's the sweetest thing she could have done."

Grandma was indeed delighted with mama's fine preserves, and proudly arranged them well to the front on the lowest shelf in her preserve-closet.

Aunt Dora's beautiful embroidery she carefully laid away with her best table-linen, a sprig of lavender in its folds.

But when it came to finding a place for her third gift,—Mirabel's letter,—she got out the carved sandalwood box.

Mirabel would have clapped her hands if she could have seen this; for only grandma's dearest treasures went into that box.

Grandma looked with tender eyes at the faded old letter in which, so many years before, grandpa had asked her to be his wife. She stroked with loving fingers the fair, bright curl which had belonged to her dear little son who had died. She smiled at a tiny bit of sewing, the very first stitches that mama had ever taken. Then she kissed Mirabel's letter, put it in with the other treasures, and safely locked the box.

So one little girl, who thought that she could not do anything at all for grandma's birthday, had sent her grandma the very sweetest gift that she received.



A WONDERFUL VOYAGE



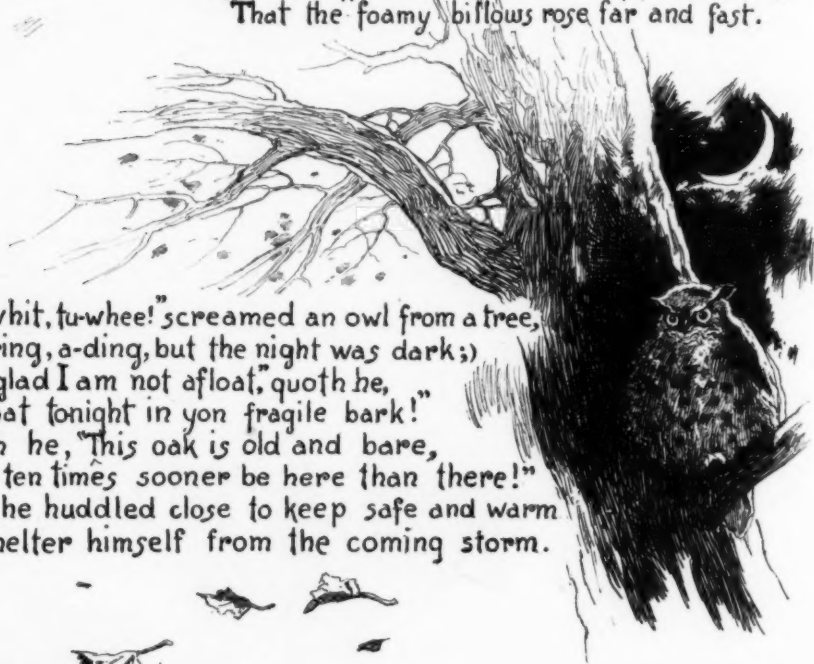
I saw a wonderful voyage last night,—
(A-ring, a-ding, when the sun went down;)
The ship was o'gold and glittered bright,
And a-hey and a-ho it sailed high o'er town.

"Hollo!" cried old Wind

To the fairy boat,

"It is I who will show you
How to float!"

And he puffed and he blew such a terrible blast
That the foamy billows rose far and fast.



"**T**u-whit, tu-whee!" screamed an owl from a tree,
(A-ring, a-ding, but the night was dark;)

"I am glad I am not afloat," quoth he,

"Afloat tonight in yon fragile bark!"

Quoth he, "This oak is old and bare,
But I'd ten times sooner be here than there!"

And he huddled close to keep safe and warm
And shelter himself from the coming storm.

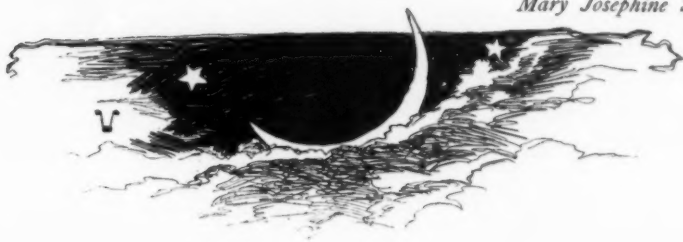
But the gay little boat sailed merry and brave—
 Now leaving behind it a track of light,
 And now sinking deep in the trough of the wave,
 Till, a-hey and a-ho, it has vanished from sight
 And I thought as I saw it
 fall
 and
 fall.

Now, surely this is the end of all—
 That little gold boat can never again
 Rise to the top of the tempest tossed main!



When lo! up, up, would she lightly float,
 (A ring a-ding, on the waves' high crest)
 Now, give me a name for this little boat
 As she plows her way from the east to the west?
 "A name? It is given, O soon, so soon—
 For the little gold boat
 Is the crescent moon,
 The stormy sea is the wintry sky,
 And the clouds are the billows mountains high!"

Mary Josephine Shannon.



The Battle of Durley

By VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

QUOTH Master Merrivein, one morn, unto
his wife: "I hear
The mill on Durley River bank hath been
besieged, my dear —"
"Besieged!" cried Mistress Merrivein. "What
news! Oh, lack-a-day!"
And off she flew to tell the news to Mistress
Dolly Gay.

Meanwhile, good Master Merrivein, with
not a care or frown,

Whistling, had packed his market-cart and
started off for town.

But nigh half-way, a-gallop, came the doctor
and his nag;

And, hard behind, the donkey-cart of good
Dame Featherbag.

Lo! at the crooked turnstile, a-running as
for life,

The fiddler and the blacksmith, the dominie
and wife;



"A-GALLOP, CAME THE DOCTOR AND HIS NAG."



"THE DOMINIE AND WIFE."

A-followed
by the
shrimp-man,
who, panting,
breathless, said:

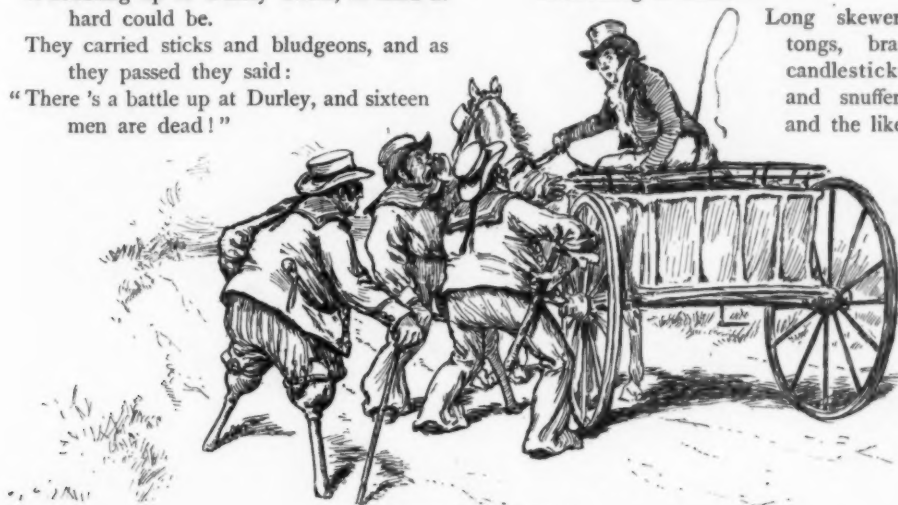
"There 's fighting up at Durley Town, and
much blood hath been shed!"

And on the yellow highway he met with
sailors three,
A-hobbling up to Durley Town, as hard as
hard could be.

They carried sticks and bludgeons, and as
they passed they said:
"There 's a battle up at Durley, and sixteen
men are dead!"

Upon the bridge the innkeeper was driv-
ing like the wind,
And all his family in a cart were coming
on behind;
And they flourished warlike implements, all
threatening to strike —

Long skewers,
tongs, brass
candlesticks,
and snuffers,
and the like.



"HE MET WITH SAILORS THREE."



"THE INN-KEEPER AND HIS FAMILY."

And out upon the highway—the strangest sight, I ween!—

A throng of frightened village folk a-march from Durley Green,
Equipped with ancient musketry—equipped from toe to crown—

To battle for their neighbors at beleaguered Durley Town.

And they shouted as they hastened by, each with a right good will:

"The soldiers are upon us, and they've fired Durley Mill!"

And lastly came the cannon, with the beadle on before;

And he shouted, "Haste and help us, for there's going to be a war!"



"A THRONG OF FRIGHTENED VILLAGE FOLK."

So away went Master Merrivein, and followed them all down
To fight for suffering neighbors at beleaguered Durley Town.
But lo! what sight did meet his eyes as he drove round
the hill?

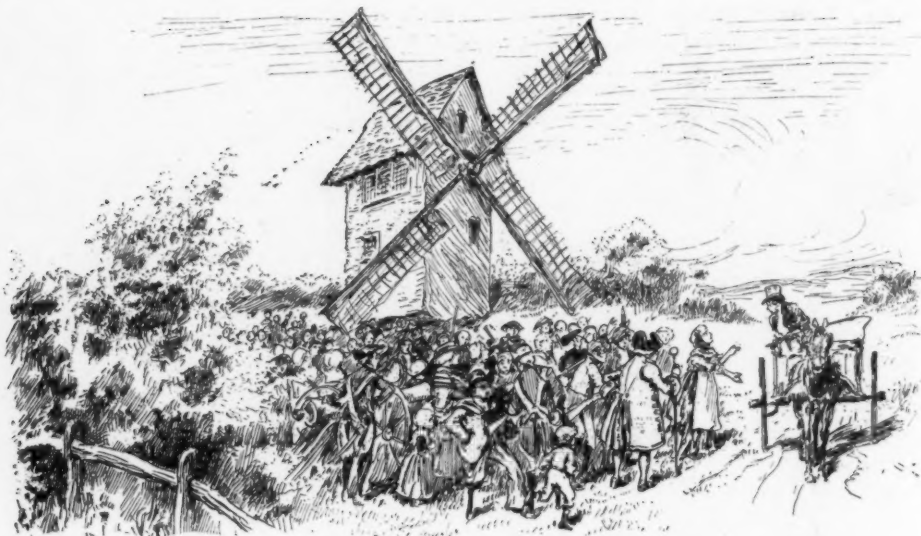
All peacefully against the skies stood good old Durley Mill!



"AND LASTLY CAME THE CANNON, WITH THE BEADLE ON BEFORE."

And thick about it there was drawn a
strange and motley crew,
A-talking and a-clamoring, and making a
to-do
Around the startled miller, who, with coun-
tenance benign,
Of enemy or bloodshed had seen nor trace
nor sign!

And lo! on Master Merrivein they turned,
as he drew nigh,
And his wife advanced with wrathful mien
and anger-flashing eye:
"What is this thing you've done, sir! What
do you mean, I say,
By telling me that Durley Mill hath been
besieged this day?"



"HIS WIFE ADVANCED WITH WRATHFUL MIEN."

"Ay, ay!" cried all the neighbors, and the beadle wagged his head.

"Explain, sir! Ay, explain, sir!" right furiously he said.

And kindly Master Merrivein, full wondering, spake he,

While all the birds round Durley Hill listened in every tree:

"I *tried* to tell my wife, good friends,—mayhap she'll make it plain,—

That Durley Mill's besieged *by mice!*" quoth Master Merrivein.





I WONDER if the ST. NICHOLAS readers realize what a story of the vast extent of our country is told by its rivers?

Every variety of river in the world seems to have a cousin in our collection. What other country on the face of the globe affords such an assortment of streams for fishing and boating and swimming and skating—besides having any number of streams on which you can do none of these things? One can hardly imagine rivers like that; but we have them, plenty of them, as you shall see.

As for fishing, the American boy may cast his flies for salmon in the Arctic circle, or angle for sharks under a tropical sun in Florida, without leaving the domain of the American flag. But the fishing-rivers are not the most curious, nor the most instructive as to diversity of climate, soil, and that sort of thing—physical geography, the teacher calls it.

For instance, if you want to get a good idea of what tropical heat and moisture will do for a country, slip your canoe from a Florida steamer into the Ocklawaha River. It is as odd as its name, and appears to be hopelessly undecided as to whether it had better continue in the fish and alligator and drainage business, or devote

itself to raising live-oak and cypress trees, with Spanish moss for mattresses as a side product.

In this fickle-minded state it does a little of all these things, so that when you are really on the river you think you are lost in the woods; and when you actually get lost in the woods, you are quite confident your canoe is at last on the river. This confusion is due to the low, flat country, and the luxuriance of a tropical vegetation.

To say that such a river overflows its banks would hardly be correct; for that would imply that it was not behaving itself; besides, it has n't any banks—or, at least, very few! The fact is, those peaceful Florida rivers seem to wander pretty much where they like over the pretty peninsula without giving offense; but if Jack Frost takes such a liberty—presto! you should see how the people get after *him* with weather-bulletins and danger-signals and formidable smudges. So the Ocklawaha River and a score of its kind roam through the woods,—or maybe it is the woods that roam through them,—and the moss sways from the live-oaks, and the cypress trees stick their knees up through the water in the oddest way imaginable.

In Florida one may have another odd experi-

ence: a river ride in an ox-cart. Florida rivers are usually shallow, and when the water is high you can travel for miles across country behind oxen, with more or less river under you all the way. There are ancient jokes about Florida steamboats that travel on heavy dews, and use spades for paddle-wheels.

But those of you who have been on its rivers know there is but one Florida, with its bearded oaks and fronded palms; its dusky woods, carpeted with glassy waters; its cypress bays, where lonely cranes pose, silently thoughtful (of stray polliwogs); and its birds of wondrous plumage that rise with startled splash when the noiseless canoe glides down upon their haunts.

Every strange fowl and every hideous reptile, every singular plant and every tangled jungle, will tell the American boy how far he is to the south. Florida is, in fact, his corner of the tropics; and the clear waters of its rivers, stained to brown and wine-color with the juices of a tropical vegetation, will tell him, if he reads nature's book, how different the sandy soil of the South is from the yellow mold of the great Western plains.

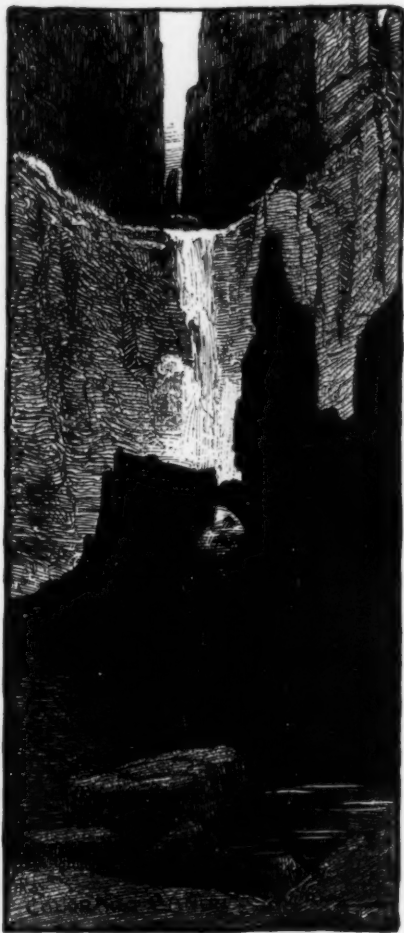
Such a boy hardly need ask the conductor how far west he is if he can catch a glimpse of one of the rivers. All the rivers of the plains are alike full of yellow mud, because the soil of the plains melts at the touch of water. These are our spendthrift rivers, full to the banks at times, but most of the year desperately in need of water. It is only with the greatest effort that they can keep their places in the summer: there is just a scanty thread of water strung along a great, rambling bed of sand, to restrain Dame Nature from revoking their licenses to run and turning them into cattle-ranches.

No wonder that respectable fish refuse to have anything to do with such streams, and refuse tempting offers of free worms, free transportation, and protection from the fatal nets. Fancy trying to raise a family of little fish, and not knowing one day where water is coming from the next!

Not but what there is water enough at times; only, those rivers of the great plains, like the Platte and the Kansas and the Arkansas, are so wasteful of their supply in the spring that by July they are gasping for a shower. So, part

of the year they revel in luxury, and during the rest they go shabby — like shiftless people.

But the irrigation engineers have lately discovered something wonderful about even these despised rivers. During the very driest seasons, when the stream is apparently quite dry, there is still a great body of water running in



the sand. Like a vast sponge, the sand holds the water, yet it flows continually, just as if it were in plain sight, but more slowly of course. The volume may be estimated by the depth and breadth of the sand. One pint of it will hold three quarters of a pint of water. This is called the underground flow, and is peculiar to this

class of rivers. By means of ditches this water may be brought to the surface for irrigation.

Scattered among the foot-hills of the Rockies are rivers still more wilful in their habits. Instead of keeping to their duties in a methodical way, they rush their annual work through in a month or two; then they take long vacations. For months together they carry no water at all; and one may plant and build and live and sleep in their deserted beds—but beware! Without warning, they resume active business. Maybe on a Sunday, or in the middle of the night, a storm-cloud visits the mountains. There is a roar, a tearing, a crashing, and down comes a terrible wall of water, sweeping away houses and barns and people. No fishing, no boating, no swimming, no skating on those treacherous rivers; only surprise and shock and disaster!

So different that they seem to belong in a different world are the great inter-mountain streams, like the Yellowstone and the Colorado.

They flow through landscapes of desolate grandeur, vast expanses compassed by endless mountain-ranges that chill the bright skies with never-melting snows. The countless peaks look down on the clouds, while far below the clouds wind valleys that the sunlight never reaches. Twisting in gloomy dusk through these valleys, a gaping cañon yawns. Peering fearfully into its black, forbidding depths, an echo reaches the ear. It is the fury of a mighty river, so far below that only a sullen roar rises to the light of day. With frightful velocity it rushes through a channel cut during centuries of patience deep into the stubborn rock. Now mad with whirlpools, now silently awful with stretches of green water, that wait to lure the boatman to death, the mighty river rushes darkly through the Grand Colorado Cañon.

No sport, no fun, no frolic there. Here are only awe-inspiring gloom and grandeur, and dangers so hideous that only a handful of men have ever braved them—fewer still survived.

Grandest of American rivers though it is, you will be glad to get away from it to a noble stream like the Columbia, to a headstrong

flood like the Missouri, or an inland sea like the Mississippi; on them at least you can draw a full breath and speak aloud without a feeling that the silent mountains may fall on you or the raging river swallow you up.

In the vast territory lying between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean the rivers are fast being harnessed for a work that will one day make the most barren spots fertile. Irrigation is claiming every year more of the flow of Western rivers. Even the tricky old Missouri is contributing somewhat to irrigation, but in the queerest possible way.

With all its other eccentricities, the Missouri River leaks badly; for you know there are leaky rivers as well as leaky boats. The government engineers once measured the flow of the Missouri away up in Montana, and again some hundred miles further down stream. To their surprise, they found that the Missouri, instead of growing bigger down stream, as every rational river should, was actually 20,000 second-feet* smaller at the lower point.

Now, while 20,000 second-feet could be spared from such a tremendous river, that amount of water makes a considerable stream of itself. Many very celebrated rivers never had so much water in their lives. Hence there was great amazement when the discrepancy was discovered. But of late years Dakota farmers away to the south and east of those points on the Missouri, sinking artesian wells, found immense volumes of water where the geologists said there would n't be any. So it is believed that the farmers have tapped the water leaking from that big hole in the Missouri River away up in Montana; and from these wells they irrigate large tracts of land, and, naturally, they don't want the river-bed mended. Fancy what a blessing it is, when the weather is dry, to have a river boiling out of your well, ready to flow where you want it over the wheat-fields! For of all manner of work that a river can be put to, irrigation is, I think, the most useful. But is n't that a queer way for the Missouri to wander about underneath the ground?

* The volume of rivers is measured by the number of cubic feet of water flowing past a given point every second. The breadth of the river is multiplied by its average depth, and the ascertained speed of the current gives the number of cubic feet of water flowing by the point of measurement each second. This will explain the term second-feet.



THE LAKERIM ATHLETIC CLUB.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.



[This story was begun in the December number.]

III.

WHEN Jumbo's head sank beneath the water it did not take him more than twenty minutes to realize that unless he could free himself from the girl's despairing clutches, he would be what the poets call "a goner." He gave a desperate wrench, and tore her arms from about his neck and thrust her away from him. Then he came to the surface, feeling fully fifteen times lighter, and proceeded to scramble for safety. But just as he found a piece of ice strong enough to clamber on, he bethought him of the cowardice of leaving the girl to drown. Without hesitation he dropped back in the water, and in a stroke or two he had swum round behind her. He put his two hands under her arms, and set to treading water violently.

By desperate efforts he managed to keep her head up, though his own sank frequently. He screamed for help until he dared not spend any more of his precious breath, and then fought silently and furiously for life.

For whole long minutes he trampled the water under him as if he were climbing some hateful stairway whose steps slid always away be-

neath him. No one was to be seen anywhere within the rim of the great wheel of the horizon, and at length he was too tired and too weak to struggle any more. He gave up the fight and resigned himself to die, like a man—like a man who gives his life pluckily, trying to save a woman's. He stopped his frantic treading, and let himself sink away as if to sleep. And the water closed triumphantly over his head.

Artemus Ward told once of a man who was put in a dungeon for life; after staying there sixteen weary years a bright idea struck him. He raised the window and got out. Now, Jumbo had skated backward until he was near the shore and right over a long sand-bar. He had trodden water with bent knees, and the fat girl had doubled herself up in a terrified way that had made it all the harder for Jumbo to keep her afloat, heavy as she was. Now, when he yielded to his fate like a philosopher and a hero, and let himself sink, he was surprised to find how soon his feet touched bottom. Instinctively he straightened his knees, and stood upright! And found his head above water! Consequently he was safe. But nevertheless he could n't tell whether he was more delighted or disgusted.



"B. J."



"SAWED-OFF."



"SLEEPY."



"PUNK."



"JUMBO."



"TUG."

When he had straightened the hysterical girl to her feet, he climbed on the ice, and dragged her on it, where it was extra strong. She wanted to stop and have a good cry, but he grabbed her by the hand and started for home on a dead run, hauling her after him. He left her in front of her own gate, when he saw some one coming from the house, and started

have given three cheers if the school-house had burned down.

Saturday morning the Dozen drifted together, and began to wonder what they were going to do with all of their spare time.

"I move we go strawberry-picking," said Sawed-Off.

Pretty, who was always scheming to bring girls into the pastimes of the Twelve, proposed a moonlight sleigh-ride.

"But we can't stay sleigh-riding for a week," said Punk. "We might begin with a snow fort."

"Oh, we don't want any of those baby sports," said B. J. "I'd just as lief skip rope as play those!"

"Baby sports, eh?" said Reddy. "Well, if you'd hear my father argue with my uncle about Fort Donelson and Vicksburg, you would n't think taking a fort was any child's play."

"You see my—our dad," said Heady, "was a Union man, and my—our uncle was a Johnny Reb."

Then Tug broke in: "Well, if we could have something like a real battle—"

"Why not?" said Reddy and his brother with one voice. "Dad and uncle could coach us."

"The two sides ought to be evenly matched," said Punk. "How would it do to have the twins command opposite sides as rival captains?"



"PRETTY."



"BOBBLES."

for his own home and fireside. He was so tired when he got there that he never knew precisely what they did to him.

Then began a procession of doctors, and apothecaries' boys, and friends and nurses, cold baths and hot baths and medicines, till the two in their separate homes almost wished themselves in the lake again.

But they came out of the ordeal without pneumonia, or any of the other things everybody predicted, and took up life again, as before. Only thereafter, the girl, whose name, it is time to tell, was Carrie Shields, appropriated Jumbo for her very own; and he decided that if the girl was worth risking life for, she must be a pretty fine girl. Besides, he felt very much at home in her company, because her size reminded him of the size of his sworn chum, Sawed-Off.

IV.

JUST as Jumbo was restored to his friends, several cases of diphtheria made their appearance in the High School, and the School Board decided it prudent to discontinue the sessions and grant a vacation of at least a week. Fond as I am of these twelve young gentlemen, I cannot so stretch the truth as to say that any of them were sorry for the vacation, except possibly History, who shone chiefly in the school-room. The rest of them would probably



"HISTORY."



"QUIZ."

"Great scheme!" the rest shouted, and the twins were elected on the spot.

After a deal of talking and wrangling, it was decided that they should go about the matter in an elaborate manner that would make the battle one worth remembering. They tossed up a penny, and it decided that Heady should command the fort and build it wherever he

pleased, and take two days for building it; that the war should open Wednesday morning, and that if the fort were not captured by Saturday noon, Heady should be granted the victory.

It was decided that the twins should be called generals, that each of the remaining ten should be a colonel, and should have the power to recruit no more than ten men from the rest of the school to serve under him. They had no difficulty in recruiting men from the school, and two armies were soon in the field, forty privates on one side and sixty on the other. This made quite a lively battle out of it, and one such as had never been seen in Lakerim before.

Reddy was to have six colonels, and his brother only four; but the brother was to have the first choice. He chose Tug; then Reddy chose Punk. Then his brother chose Bobbles, and Reddy chose Jumbo. Sawed-Off being picked out next, Reddy took B. J. Heady chose Quiz, and Reddy, Pretty. This left Sleepy and History to Reddy, but he chose Sleepy as the lesser of two evils, and offered to present History to the other side. Heady said that History had good hands for making snowballs, and accepted him.

A wail went up from Jumbo and Sawed-Off, who did not want to be on opposite sides; they threatened not to fight at all, or to fight then and there. Heady declined to have Sawed-Off outside the fort, for fear he would reach over the walls and capture it alone; so a compromise was finally made after a terrible dispute, and Heady traded Tug for Jumbo.

Now there was another quarrel about the choice of flags; both of the generals wanted the American flag, and neither would take any other; so History finally suggested that they use two Revolutionary emblems, one with a pine-tree and one with a rattlesnake. Heady chose the former as appropriate for a fort, and girl friends were only too glad to make the two standards. The roster of officers then was as follows:

General Reddy.
Brigadier Tug.
Colonel Punk.
" B. J.
" Pretty.
" Sleepy.

General Heady.
Colonel Bobbles.
" Sawed-Off.
" Jumbo.
" Quiz.
History, Orderly.

Colonel Tug commanded two regiments of ten men each; for, while Reddy presented his brother with History, he did not present him with the ten men. So Tug was really a brigadier-general, and History was not even a corporal. But Heady made him his orderly, and he was not enough interested in what he called their childishness to be dissatisfied.

Early one morning, Heady and Bobbles sneaked off into the woods to find a good place for a fort. An ideal spot was at length discovered. Back of a thick grove was a ravine, through which ran a little brook. The bank of this was steep and gullied. A rail fence ran about the top of the crest; beyond this was a steep mound known as the Hawk's Nest. It ended at a long cliff that went almost straight down to the lake below. This height, indeed, was much like the half of a gigantic chocolate drop cut in two from top to bottom.

Heady and Bobbles went home in a round-about way, and told no one of their discovery.

Monday morning, after breakfast, the army that was to build and defend Fort Lakerim formed in line and marched in good order in a direction directly opposite to their real destination. Reddy was too busy collecting his men and whipping them into shape to pay any heed for the moment to the movements of Heady. By the time he got round to it, the army of defense had disappeared to the westward.

Heady led his fearless men by a long détour round to the chosen battleground. Both he and Reddy had almost questioned the lives out of their uncle and father, and had learned many things of value. When Heady entered the grove in front of the Hawk's Nest, he scattered through the woods a few men for picket duty. He led the rest of his forces across the little brook, which was frozen, up the gully, and through the fence. And now he set about the task of building the fort.

While it is not now considered a good plan to build a star-shaped fort, Heady realized that a battle with snowballs is very different from a war with artillery and other deadly weapons. So he built his fort in the shape of half a star; in front of it he threw up three redans, A, B, and C, and he reinforced the rail

fence in certain spots with a light wall of snow. The walls of the fort and the redans were made as high as was convenient for throwing. They were packed hard with spades, and at night water was brought from the brook by a bucket-brigade, and poured over them, so that on Wednesday morning they were frozen into a very respectable kind of masonry.

Realizing that one of the advantages of a snow battle is in having unlimited ammunition all about your feet, Heady had his men roll what snow was left on the mound, after the building of the fortifications, into the fort, where it was piled into an enormous pyramid. In this way he proved himself a good general, according to two great principles of war, which are: first, to provide and protect your own supplies; and second, to hinder the enemy in the matter of his.

The ground was too hard for digging trenches; the mound, in fact, was no more than rock with a thin covering of turf. To allow the walls of the fort to be as high as possible, Heady built a platform of stones, picked up off the field, all around their inside. In this way it was possible to make them higher than the heads of any attacking party.

There was in the fort a gate taken bodily from a rail-fence some distance away, and protected with sharp branches and sticks until it was a regular *chevaux-de-frise*. About the front of the fort Heady intended to build an abatis of logs and sharp-pointed brush; but fearing that the enemy might find it of more use than hindrance, he decided not to build it.

Inside the fort he had a number of huge snowballs, and provided for them little inclined railroads of saplings, upon which they could be rolled up to the walls and tipped over upon the heads of the enemy. He had a number of men at work making great heaps of snowballs, which he stored in pyramids in the redans and in the fort. And he provided himself with a number of ice-cream scoops, which could be dug into the snow pyramids, bringing out just a good handful which, with one quick pat, could be made into a ball of fine possibilities.

The three redans were so placed as to command the approach to the mound, and they were too far from the fort to be of use as

counter-forts for the enemy if they were captured.

Monday evening Heady led his weary men home by the same roundabout way, and dismissed them for the night. Tuesday morning early they met, formed in line, and returned to the field secretly. By Tuesday night everything was ready for a stubborn defense.

Reddy was so busy drilling his men that he did not feel able to send out any scouts upon a reconnaissance until Tuesday afternoon. These men followed the footprints of Heady's army, and after a long, roundabout chase finally came upon the picket-line in the woods, but were driven away before they could make any discoveries of value, or get even a glimpse of the fort.

Reddy instructed his men in marching and countermarching, training them principally in open-order drill, teaching them to assemble upon their colonel at the command, and rally quickly about him at the signal. The movements by the right and left flank, "column left" and "right," "to the rear — march!" and "fours right" and "left," were about all the movements necessary. The men were trained to do all these in double, as well as in quick, time.

He gave his men good practice, too, in throwing at a mark, and taught them to answer promptly and in unison to the three commands, "load!" (which meant make a snowball), "ready!" and "fire!" Each man was directed to provide himself with a lunch-pouch, a canteen of cold tea, and a large bag, like a newsboy's, for ammunition.

Reddy thought he would telegraph for one or two baseball-pitching machines, and use them as artillery, and his brother agreed to this when they talked it over at home on Monday night, and decided that he would have a couple himself. But the father and the uncle objected, and the plan was dropped.

Early Wednesday morning, Heady's men entered their fort, and erected in the center of the parapet the flag of the pine-tree. They brought their lunches along. Their war-cry was "Rah, rah, rah! — Steady!" Reddy's battle-cry was "Hurrah, hurrah! — Ready!"

At eleven o'clock Reddy's scouts were halted

by Heady's picket-line in the woods. The advance guard came up; there was a short skirmish, and the pickets fell back. A brief stand was made at the brook, and then Heady withdrew his men behind the rail-fence, or the "outworks," as he called it.

Reddy made charge after charge up to the rail-fence, but Heady had drilled his men to throw hard and straight till the snowballs in their bags were exhausted, and then to drop back and refill them while the reserve men in the rear rushed forward with fresh ammunition. So he resisted all the charges.

Reddy sent his men up, all along the line, only to see them driven back. He concentrated his attack on various spots, but owing to the difficulty of throwing when the men were crowded together, he found that this only gave the enemy a target they could not miss.

It was a steep climb up the embankment, and the men had to retire and rest long between charges, for there was nothing for them to lie down behind. But at length, at about five o'clock, he led a furious assault in person. He found the enemy's available ammunition almost exhausted; he called up his reserves, and these were too much for Heady's men. They did great execution with their last few snowballs, but could not stand the pelting of Reddy's soldiers; and finally, in spite of Heady's exhortations, broke and sought refuge in the redans.

By the time Reddy's men had clambered over the fence, Heady's men had climbed the gullies and were safely ensconced behind snow fortifications which Reddy saw it was of no use to attack with weary troops. So he sent forward Colonel Sleepy with a flag of truce and a proposal for an armistice. He could not have chosen a more convincing man to carry a message asking for a rest, and the opposing general rejoiced the Colonel's heart by agreeing to the armistice.

The two armies marched home in good order, all except a few unhappy wretches who were left as sentinels to protect the fort until ten o'clock. They did not particularly enjoy the prospect, but being threatened with court-martial, decided to stay. It was well they did, for two of the privates of Reddy's army, without asking Reddy's permission, sneaked back

after dark, intending to punch a few holes in the fort and pitch the great pyramid of ammunition over the precipice. But they were captured by the sentinels, who felt inclined to hang the spies on one of the pine-trees, but decided to run them downhill instead. And the two guerillas limped home — "foiled again," as one of B. J.'s heroes would have said.

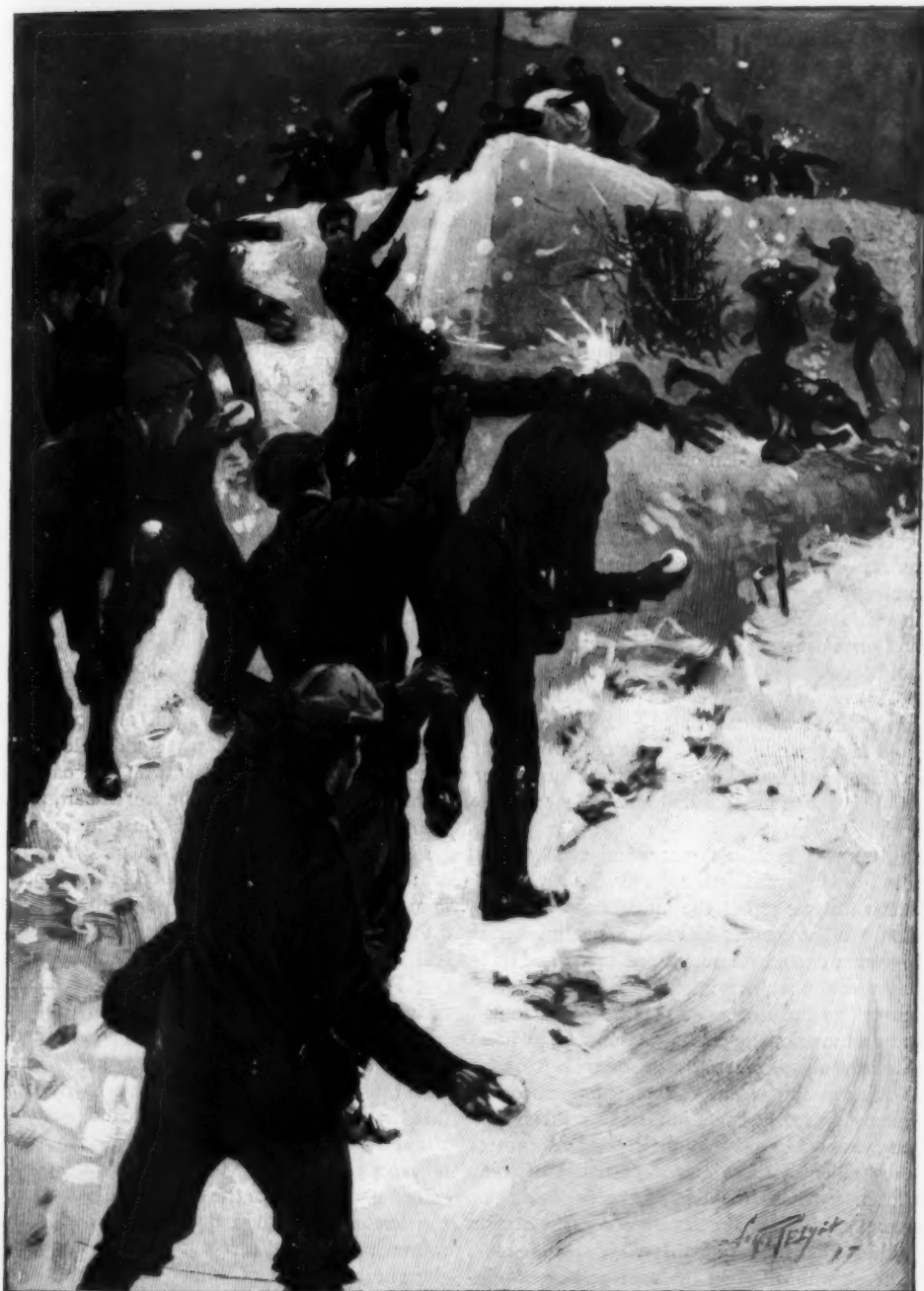
Thursday morning a big crowd of townspeople came to see the famous battle; they stood just outside the woods on the other side of the brook, and watched with great interest and in perfect safety a first attempt Reddy's men made to climb the ravine and gain a foothold at the top. But the bullets from the redans fell in a merciless shower, and one particularly promising assault was met with a gigantic snowball that came crashing down, caught Colonel Punk's regiment on the flank and bowled it over like a house of cards. The regiment picked itself up at the bottom of the gully, and retired to get the snow out of the back of its neck.

Hard was the battle before those redans, and many a noble scramble up-ended only in an ignoble tumble down. The mortality was frightful, and the tearing of clothes and the bruising of hands sickening to see. At half-past five the defenders proposed an armistice for the night, but Reddy was so furious over his failure to gain ground all day that he refused to respect any flag of truce, and used language very unbecoming in a correspondence between two famous generals. He wrote on a piece of paper torn from a composition-book:

"My terms are unconditional surrender. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes me all night."

History told Heady at the council of war that he did not believe those words were entirely original with Reddy. He thought that General Jackson had sent them to General Braddock at the battle of Gettysburg. But Heady said he did not care where Reddy got the words; he would treat them with scorn if they had been written by George Washington.

Indeed, he stepped on the angle of the central redan and hurled a loud defiance at Reddy. He borrowed most of it from one of the recitations he frequently delivered Friday afternoons,



REDDY'S FORCES MAKING AN ATTACK UPON THE FORT COMMANDED BY HEADY.

but it was none the less effective for its familiarity. But when the audience broke out in applause, it reminded him of his usual stage fright, and he dropped out of view in great embarrassment.

There are many different kinds of fear, however, and his was for anything but battle. He told his undaunted men that they were to sup on the remnants of their midday rations, and they acquiesced with good grace, though they wished they had eaten less voraciously at one o'clock, and had not thrown so many crumbs over the cliff.

The moon was well up that night before the sun was well down, and the battle was soon resumed.

After one or two futile assaults, Reddy concentrated on the redan on the extreme left (A). In the darkness he was able to send a strong detachment by a roundabout route up to a height where he could make a flank attack on the redan, which of course offered the defenders no protection except from the front. The soldiers in redan A were taken completely by surprise, and their commander, Colonel Quiz, could not hold them.

Heady saw with chagrin that Reddy had turned his flank, and that he could not long hold his position. But he contested every inch of the ground, until he saw himself in danger of being surrounded and cut off from his fort.

After his brother's army had retreated in good order to the fort, however, Reddy found himself at the top of the hill without ammunition. What missiles had fallen into his hands were not enough to supply his men; and finding that the builders of the fort had swept the mound so clean of snow that he could forage no ammunition there, he was unable to press his advantage, much as he desired to make a quick assault on the fort at a time when the enemy were in confusion and could hardly be suitably assigned to their posts to protect the walls. The redans were made of snow frozen too hard to yield to the fingers of his men, and he was forced to propose a cessation of hostilities till the next day.

You, with all your generalship, have doubtless noted a very foolish blunder on Reddy's

part; when he flanked redan A, he should, of course, have swooped down on the unprotected fort at once. The capture would have been easy. But Reddy's motto was that of General Grant, to find the enemy and fight him. It simply never occurred to him that he could take the fort with one rush. But the greatest of generals have made blunders as bad as that of these two warriors.

Had Heady known how nearly unarmed the assaulting army was, he would have made a furious sortie from the fort, with the pouches of his men reloaded from the reserve supply inside; but the moonlight was too indistinct for him to make out the condition of the opposing hosts, and his men were so cold, hungry, and tired that he accepted the armistice without parley.

The long day's fighting had so exhausted the officers and men that almost all of them overslept the next morning; and while Reddy was up bright and early, he could not get his men into line before half-past one Friday afternoon. Heady's forces made no better showing.

When Reddy's army moved out to take its place just inside the captured redans, it brought along several wheelbarrows full of snowballs, and a number of spades. Reddy detailed some men to chip the redans with the spades; to make balls of ice out of the frozen part, and ordinary ammunition out of the softer snow inside. To fight with these ice-balls was hardly fair; but while one or two of Heady's men were scratched with them, they shot them back with interest, and, being protected by the walls, inflicted so much damage on Reddy's men that Reddy soon gave orders to use no more such boomerangs on the enemy.

After some cautious feeling of the way and several attempts to draw out a heavy fire from the fort on a few skirmishers, Reddy saw that his brother had provided too much ammunition to be much weakened by such manoeuvres.

The commander of the fort viewed with grief the demolition of the redans he had built with so much pains, and sent out a strong force under the command of Jumbo and Sawed-Off. But Reddy had a presence of mind like Hanni-

bal's; and ordered his right wing to fall back. This deluded the two colonels into thinking they were winning an easy victory, when, to their amazement and horror, they saw Reddy's left wing sweeping round to cut them off at the rear.

Colonel Sawed-Off gave the quick command, "To the rear—march! Double time!" but met the brunt of the onset before he could get inside the walls.

He saw Jumbo slip and fall, and three of the enemy pounce on him to drag him away. Sawed-Off leaped for them, sent them sprawling, and, laying hold of Jumbo, fought his way single-handed through the enemy with his right fist, and managed to drag his chum inside the gate of the fort just before it closed with a snap.

Half of the two companies that had made the brilliant attack were left as prisoners in the enemy's hands. The defenders' forces were thus reduced to thirty privates.

Heady now felt justified in ordering two or three of his most accurate sharpshooters to keep their eye on General Reddy, and to pick him off, if possible. In consequence, when General Reddy led a fiery charge against the fort, a snowball took him in the left eye; and before he could see what had struck him, another snowball closed his right optic, and he fell over backward, and was dragged to safety by his panic-stricken followers.

This infuriated him so much that as soon as he could see daylight again, he said a few fiery words to his men, and ordered a grand movement on the works. He was speechless with rage when he had the same eye-closing operation worked on him again, and found himself blinded at the very foot of the enemy's walls. Worse yet, when he came to his senses back in the redan, they told him that one of his men had perished nobly on the field of honor.

Colonel Sleepy had brought his men up to the right angle of the fort, and was too lazy to retreat, preferring to stay there and fight his way over the walls; but just as he had some chance of scaling them, a gigantic snowball loomed up and fell on him. When the two of them struck ground it was hard to tell which was which. There was not much of Sleepy to

be seen but a hand and a nose and a foot or two. His men fled in terror, and a corporal's guard rushed quickly out of the fort, and rolled him inside the walls. There they picked him out of the snowball, discovered they had captured a colonel, and informed him that he was a prisoner. They prepared to tie his hands and feet, but when he told them he was perfectly willing to remain quiet just as he was, they knew him well enough to believe him, and accepted his parole. And he began to take more pleasure than ever out of the battle, being now only a spectator, and from a choice position.

Reddy's army was sadly demoralized. The colonels could not get the men to keep a good line when they moved on the works, or to keep that line closed up.

Brigadier-General Tug now led a vicious assault on the left salient of the fort; but being repulsed there, swung round to the right and made a quick lunge to the center. Some of his shots struck the flag-pole, which was only a fishing-rod in times of peace, and the pine-tree standard broke and toppled outside. There was great dismay inside the fort, and greater surprise when who should leap over the walls but Orderly History—the despised History! He caught up the flag-staff, and handed it to a soldier on the wall just before Tug's men leaped on him, and hustled him away as a prisoner. It was a noble sacrifice, and Heady said feelingly:

"You can't always sometimes most generally tell beforehand what any man's going to be worth in battle!"

Nevertheless, when Reddy sent an offer to exchange Orderly History for Colonel Sleepy, Heady sent back a contemptuous reply to the effect that he could well afford to lose History, and did not care to make any exchange, much as Reddy evidently needed Sleepy.

Reddy was so mad with rage and humiliation that he ate a half-dozen snowballs, more or less, before he knew what he was doing; and then he had a stomach-ache, like Napoleon's at Waterloo. And he weakly consented to postpone further battle until Saturday morning.

That night at the dinner-table the opposing

general felt called upon to crack a few jokes at the expense of Reddy, who sat opposite him, with no appetite for the well-cooked beefsteak on his plate, and no pride in the two pieces of raw steak that were to be bound on his black eyes. He left the table in a huff, vowing re-

trepid warriors. They made a sharp dash for the redan, and, while six of them trundled the barrows speedily back to the fort, the rest covered them, and resisted what little attack Reddy could organize in time.

Reddy now brought into play plan No. 1.

He called his colonels together and gave them a few brief instructions, which they doled out to their men. And now his army moved out in two long lines. It went as far as was safe, quite deliberately; then, on entering the zone of fire, broke into double-time. Reddy's brother noticed that the first line was only lightly armed, soon spent its ammunition, and then ran low to the ground. Observing this curious action, he suspected some dark plot, and ordered his men to hold their fire.

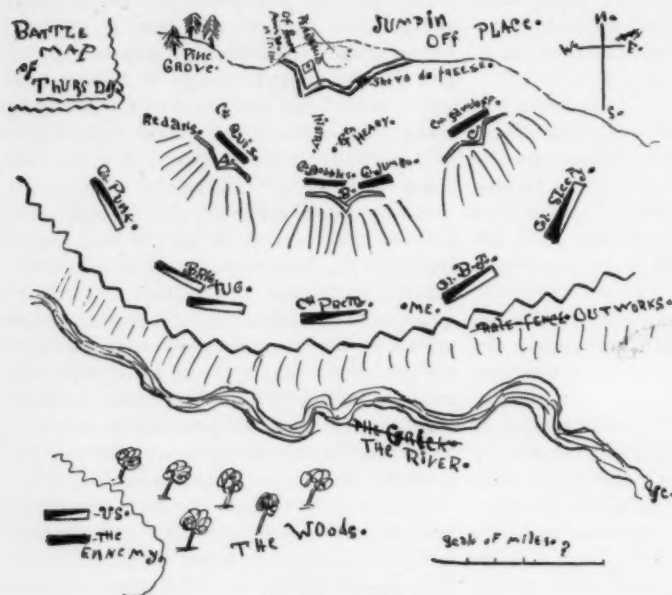
Reddy's first line reached the fort untouched, dropped to its

knees, and bent its backs turtle-fashion. On this platform the second line leaped and delivered a furious volley right in the faces of the defenders. This was answered by a return volley of equal force. But in the teeth of this, Reddy's men began to scale the walls.

Now Heady gave a command with a wild yell, and four huge, waiting snowballs were sent flying up the sapling tracks. They smote Reddy's line irresistibly, and bowled the enemy over like ninepins, carrying them clear to the ground, and almost breaking the backs of the turtles below.

Reddy reorganized his lines, and called another council of war. There was a furious debate. Time was getting short, and every plan he could devise seemed to be met with superior skill by his brother. After dropping many schemes, he said:

"Men, the only way that fort can be taken



REDDY'S WAR-MAP.

venge and terrible defeat on the morrow; and he sat up late that night planning new stratagems on a war-map he had drawn. On this page is a facsimile of the war-map.

Saturday morning Reddy, breathing fire, ordered a determined charge to be made on the left salient of Heady's fort, and to make sure of success, sent into it every available man. But the fort was so high that though his men fought their way through a rain of missiles, they could not climb the walls and get inside. So Reddy ordered a leisurely retreat, that he might prepare for a bit of grand tactics.

As Reddy's army returned to its base, he was horrified to see that his brother had made another sortie. The fort's ammunition was getting low, and the sight of several wheelbarrows full of snowballs in Reddy's right redan was too tempting to resist. He had sent Jumbo and Sawed-Off out again with a picked body of in-

is by an attack from the rear and the front at the same time."

"But no one can climb that cliff at the back, especially in winter," said Brigadier Tug.

"Well, I'm going to try it," cried General Reddy, and he called for volunteers. Almost every one responded zealously, eager to risk anything for victory. Out of these Reddy picked a handful of brave spirits. Under cover of an assault all along the line, they stole away down the gully, and around to a place about half-way up the precipice.

Here he led his men inch by inch. They dared not speak aloud, and hardly dared to fall, for fear the noise would alarm the enemy at the top. They hardly dared to fall for another reason, and that was because of the dizzy height. But this latter reason was not so strong in their hearts as the former.

So they climbed, seizing a root here, digging a foothold there with a knife, stepping across great gaps their legs could barely span, climbing on hands and knees, brushing snow away from some sharp, cold rock, gripping it fiercely and drawing themselves up on it with terrible effort. Thus they climbed and climbed, and many a time Reddy slipped and fell backward, to be caught and saved by the men behind him just before his weight pushed them all over.

The men carried pouches full of snowballs swung at their backs, and these were an added

hindrance; but they were necessary. At the place where they had begun the climb, Reddy had left a man, another was stationed half-way to the redans, and behind one of the redans was waiting a third. This was to be the telegraph-line; and when, after an agony of climbing, Reddy found himself almost at the top of the cliff, and on a little ledge where he could gather his regiment, and where he could hear the voices of the men in the fort. Heady

had no thought of danger from the seemingly impregnable rear, and would not waste a sentinel on it.

This was just the mistake made by the French at Quebec.

Reddy now took out a pocket-mirror and flashed a heliographic signal to the next station, and this signal was passed along to the redan where the regiment under Brigadier Tug was waiting. Tug immediately gave a loud command, and with a wild cry the whole long line of his troops charged fiercely upon the fort.

The turtle-back was worked again, and the defenders had no more huge snowballs to meet it with. But they took the shock bravely, none the less, and there was a pretty hand-to-hand combat there at the edge of the walls.

In the midst of their defense, however, they heard a mad yell behind them, and could not resist the temptation to turn, and could not control the panic they felt on seeing General Reddy and a regiment of the enemy appearing at a place where they had thought none but birds



REDDY AND HEADY AT THE
EDGE OF THE CLIFF. (SEE
PAGE 310.)

or moles could arrive. Instinctively, many of them whirled about to meet this attack, and on the instant many of Tug's men were over the walls. General Reddy leaped upon General Heady, and cried: "We're in! Now surrender!"

But Heady was not born with red hair for nothing, and he howled: "Surrender nothin'! You're in, but we'll put you out again!"

He yelled to his men to oust the invaders, and there ensued a general wrestling-match.

Reddy and Heady were of the sort of brothers that are always fighting, in spite of their affection; and it was no new thing to see them wrestling desperately, so the army returned to its task, keeping out those that were out, and trying to throw out the intruders. Reddy flung his brother to the ground, but his brother rolled him over. Then he was himself whirled under. So they wrestled on the hard, snowy

ground, trampled on by their own men, and lost sight of in a wholesale scrimmage.

At length they had struggled to the very rim of the cliff, and Heady managed by a sudden wriggle to throw Reddy over the edge, where he hung, clinging for dear life to his brother's coat.

Heady was as wild as any wildcat, and he gasped:

"Surrender, or I'll drop you over the cliff!"

But Reddy was one of those who die rather than surrender, and he only muttered:

"If I go, you go with me!"

Then the mad little fools began to struggle again on the very brink of the precipice; and, finally, Reddy was dragging Heady over inch by inch, and could gain no foothold himself. Then a sudden wave of the battle going on above them brushed them off like flies.

(To be continued.)



A VALENTINE.

"WHAT shall I do, alack, alack!
With this great burden on my back?
Ah! I know what I can do.
Won't you let me give it you?"



A LEARNED DISCOURSE.

I WENT to hear a speaker new whom some think deep and fluent too,—
I listened closely on that day, and this is what he seemed to say
(And though I cannot parse it quite, perhaps some learned reader might):—

“My friends, although of course indeed,
On either hand, and anyway,
However much or little, still,
It may not, yet again it may—

“On further thought, I say, my friends,
But whether that, in fact, or no,
Whichever way, whatever mode,
It is, to say the least, as though,—

“Forthwith from first to last, perchance,—
Yes, how and whither, whence and where,
’T is ne’ertheless as, so to speak,
You must admit, both then and there.

“If so, why not, alas, dear friends?
And yet, to put it plain, in truth,
Nay, even notwithstanding thus,
Perhaps because no doubt forsooth.”

B. D. S.

TWO BIDDICUT BOYS

And their Adventures with a Wonderful Trick Dog.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[This story was begun in the December number.]

X.

THE BEGINNING OF THE CHASE.

THE boys walked fast through the village, and broke into a run as they approached the lake-shore, where they hoped to find Sparkler looking for his master. But no dog was anywhere in sight.

Two men were loading ice into a wagon backed up against the ice-house. Cliff called out to them.

“Yes!” one called back, in reply to his inquiries. “We saw a dog come down to the pond just a little while ago. He snuffed around, and capered up and down for a while, then started off down the railroad track as fast as he could clip it.”

“He seemed to have a little piece of rope,

or something, dangling from his neck,” said the other man.

“That ’s my dog! He ’s gone straight to the Junction!” Cliff said confidently to his companion, as they hurried on.

It was nearly a mile to the Junction; they kept the railroad track all the way, but saw nothing of the fugitive. On the platform they found the station-master checking a trunk; and Cliff accosted him breathlessly.

“No,” he said; “I have n’t noticed any such dog.”

“That is strange,” said Cliff. “Did you sell a ticket yesterday afternoon, at about four o’clock, to a young man—who had on a narrow-brimmed hat, kind of a checkered straw?”

The station-master remembered him very well; he had sold him a ticket, and noticed that he had no baggage, not even a gripsack, when he stepped aboard the train.

"That 's all right," cried Cliff. "That man sold me a dog yesterday; he was a trick-dog, and he got away this morning."

The station-master called a switch-tender, who said:

"Yes, I saw that very dog, half or three quarters of an hour ago. He snuffed about the platform, then all of a sudden he seemed to remember a previous engagement, and put

"No; he bought a ticket for Kilbird." Kilbird was the first station beyond Tressel.

"He said he was going West!"

"No matter what he said, he boarded the east-bound accommodation train, sure!"

It took Cliff a moment to recover from his bewilderment; then he turned to Quint and said:

"I 'd like your company ever so much, and



"HERE 'S OUR FRIEND'S NAME, CLIFF; DID YOU NOTICE IT?"

out toward Tressel, with a full head of steam on!"

Tressel was a station a mile or more beyond. "Come on," cried Cliff eagerly. "He 's going the wrong direction to find Winslow. He 'll fetch up somewhere."

But Quint was deliberating. "Wait a minute! I want to be sure of a thing or two. You say that man bought a ticket. Was it to go West?"

I don't know what I shall do without you; you think of more things than I do, and look further ahead. But I 'm afraid this is going to be a long pull; and I know I ought not to drag you along."

"If you call it dragging, why, I 'll turn back," said Quint. "I know I 'm slow."

"I don't mean that!" cried Cliff. "But I 've no right to ask so much of you; that 's what I meant to say."

"Then don't say it again!" Quint replied, starting off resolutely on the road to Tressel and Kilbird. "Come along!"

The boys now settled down to a fast walk, discussing by the way Sparkler's chances of re-joining his late master. On reaching Tressel, they met three boys who gave them some interesting information. They had seen the dog with the dangling piece of cord pass through the village in the direction of Kilbird; and one of them reported having seen, the day before, a man offering to sell just such a dog to a teamster who had stopped to water his horses at the wayside trough.

Quint thought a moment, then observed:

"It's all plain to me. Winslow came from Kilbird, or some place around there, yesterday; he took the train to Kilbird after selling you the dog, and now the dog has gone back there to meet him. See?"

Cliff did see, greatly to his chagrin and vexation. Just then a locomotive whistled.

"Here comes the down-train," he exclaimed. "How would it do for one of us to board it for Kilbird, and try heading him off that way, while the other keeps the road?"

"That's judgmatical," said Quint. "We've just time to buy a ticket. Have you got any money?"

"Jehu! I forgot all about money," cried Cliff.

"Never mind," said Quint, consolingly. "The dog will be in Kilbird before the train will, if he is n't there already. It will be better for us to keep together."

The dangling cord was a fortunate circumstance; for it attracted attention to the runaway, and rendered the pursuit for a while comparatively easy.

They had been walking some time on a lonely country road, without meeting any one of whom they could make inquiries, when Cliff said: "There comes a team. We'll ask the driver."

Quint stopped suddenly, and stood staring straight before him down the turnpike. "By hokey, Cliff," he exclaimed, "I know that horse, for I harnessed him this morning! The wagon is our carryall, and the driver is my father."

Mr. Whistler was much surprised to meet his

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own boy and a neighbor's, traveling that dusty road, so far from home. He listened with amused interest to Quint's story of the runaway dog.

"Did he bite you both, and give you the running-away distemper?" he asked. "Get into the wagon, and ride back with me, both of you. That's the wisest thing you can do."

"Quint can. I guess it's the wisest thing for him," said Cliff; "but I shall keep on till I find the dog, or drop down in my tracks."

"Get up here, Quint! No more nonsense!" the elder Whistler commanded. "Cliff can do as he likes."

"He would like to borrow a little money of you, anyway," said Quint. "We have both come away without any."

Mr. Whistler demurred. "I don't know what his father'll say to my lending him money for such a tom-fool expedition."

"My father knows what I am doing, and he'll be obliged to you for giving me a little help," Cliff put in.

"Well, about how much do you want?" said the mason and contractor, putting his hand in his pocket.

"Enough to take me home from Kilbird by the train, anyway," said Cliff, "and maybe a little over."

"Enough to take us both home," Quint added, "if I go with him."

"It's a foolish business," Mr. Whistler commented; "but if Cliff's father approves, I don't know why I should stand out." Leaning over the wagon side, he reached down a handful of small change. "Will this do?"

"Oh, yes; ever so much obliged!" cried Cliff delightedly, pocketing the money. "If you see any of my folks, please tell 'em—"

"I'll tell 'em that I saw you going off in company with another lunatic," said the elder Whistler, driving on.

XI.

ANOTHER DOG-HUNTER.

THE boys resumed their tramp, keeping up their inquiries for Sparkler. Nobody on that part of the highway had seen a dog with a cord

dangling from his collar, nor, indeed, any stray dog.

"He may have turned off on some other road, or taken to the fields," said Cliff at length. "What shall we do?"

"I believe our best way is to keep straight on to Kilbird," said Quint. "If we don't strike his trail there, we may at least hear from Winslow."

"There comes some one we can ask," said Cliff; for a man on horseback was approaching along a by-road. The horse was a heavy, hard-trotting animal, and the rider a stout little man, who at every jolt went up and down like a bouncing ball. The boys stopped to speak with him.

Before they could accost him he called out, with the jolts in his voice, as the animal's ponderous trot broke to a walk:

"Say—have—you—seen—a—stray—dog—along—here—anywheres?"

It seemed almost as if he must have known their business, and that he was a joker, who took this means of heading off their expected inquiries.

Quint gave Cliff a nudge, and said, with a droll twist of his mouth:

"It seems to be a pretty good day for stray dogs!"

"A rather small dog," said the man. "Kind of curly brown hair; a sort of span'l. Had on a collar fastened with a buckle; sort of reddish-brown leather with bright studs in it."

The boys listened with astonishment, the description fitted Sparkler so exactly.

"What do you want of that dog?" Cliff demanded. "Does he belong to you?"

"He ought ter belong to me, for I bought him. Day before ye's'day. A man brought him along and offered him for sale. I give a five-dollar bill for him! He wanted twenty-five, but I beat him down to five. My name is Miller; I live over in Wormwood."

Cliff's throat had become so dry that he could n't utter another word. Quint took up the colloquy.

"How did he get away from you?"

Mr. Miller eased his position by leaning sideways on his horse, and explained.

"The man advised me to keep him shet up

for a day or two, and I put him in the barn. I fed him well, and he seemed as contented as if I'd always owned him. A couple of hours later I went to look at him. It was kind o' dusky in the barn,—I could n't see him no-where; so I spoke to him, and opened the door jest a crack wider—swish! he zipped past my legs, and out o' that door like a kicked foot-ball! That's the last I've seen of him. But half an hour ago a neighbor come over to say he'd seen that dog this morning, over by the Lippitt place, this side of Tressel. He tried to head him off, but he took to the woods, and he lost sight of him. So I jest throws a blanket on old Bob, and jogs off to hunt him up. You hain't seen no such animal around anywheres?" Mr. Miller continued, talking down to the boys.

"Not to-day," Quint replied; "but I saw that very dog yesterday afternoon. A man offered him for sale, over in Biddicut, and a neighbor of mine bought him for ten dollars. He got cheated more than you did."

"Yes, he did, for he bought my dog! Where is he?"

"The boy or the dog?" Quint inquired.

"Both," said Mr. Miller.

"The boy is right here before you," said Quint, laying his hand on Cliff's shoulder. "But where the dog is, we're as anxious to know as you are. He got away this morning, and we tracked him a good piece this side of Tressel village,—to about where your neighbor saw him, I should say."

Mr. Miller thereupon kicked his clumsy heels into the horse's ribs, slapped him with the looped end of the reins, clucked like a hen, threw up his arms like wings, and started off on his hard-trotting beast.

"Well, Cliff!" Quint said, with a strange smile.

Cliff was so astounded by the proof of Winslow's bad faith, that he made two or three attempts to speak before he finally replied:

"Quint, it's no use! We may as well turn around and go home."

"How do you work that out?" Quint inquired.

"Don't you see? I've no claim on that dog, anyway! If Winslow had a right to sell

him, he belongs to Miller, who bought him before I did."

"I can't help laughing!" Quint suddenly broke forth. "Algernon K. Winslow is a man of genius. He has invented a new business—selling a dog! Who knows how many times he had sold him, before he sold him to Miller? Your title is probably as good as Miller's."

"It may be, and yet not be worth taking this tramp for."

"I beg to differ with you. If we get that dog," Quint continued, "we can hold him till somebody shows a better claim; and if the rightful owner turns up, I'm sure he'll be willing to pay your ten-dollar mortgage on him, and other expenses. There's no discount on that dog, Cliff; the discount is all on Winslow."

Cliff's face brightened. "There's a good deal in what you say, Quint."

"It's judgmatical," said Quint.

He gave a last look at the disappearing horseman, and said smilingly:

"Mr. Miller is welcome to all the satisfaction he will get from his trip to the Lippitt place; we'll hunt for both man and dog at Kilbird. And it's my humble opinion that the man will be about as well worth catching as the dog. I'll squeeze your ten dollars out of him!" he concluded, clenching his fist, while his strong features settled into an expression of grim resolution.

XII.

THE VILLAGE LANDLADY.

At Kilbird the boys traced their man to a hotel where he had been staying, and put their questions to the landlady, who came out on the porch to speak with them.

"Why, yes," she said; "you mean Mr. Knight?—a very nice man! And the wonderfulest dog I ever did see! He spent the night here last night, and the night before. He has n't been gone much more than half an hour."

"Gone?" Cliff gasped out, standing with one foot on the porch step. "And the dog—did he have the dog?"

"I'll tell you about that," replied the land-

lady. "He lost the dog some way, yesterday, and came back last evening without him. The dog did n't come till this morning; Mr. Knight seemed to be waiting for him. He said the dog had a bad trick of straying off, but that he always turned up again."

Cliff stepped up on the porch floor, and said earnestly:

"The man you call Mr. Knight told me his name was Algernon Knight Winslow; and he sold me that very same dog yesterday for ten dollars."

The landlady expressed a great deal of surprise and sympathy, and invited the boys to sit down and rest on a bench inside the cool porch.

"You look kind of beat out," she said, noticing that they were flushed and covered with dust.

But Cliff said they were not tired; they could n't stop; they were bound to follow Winslow. And he asked:

"Did he take a train?"

"No; he hired my husband to drive him over to Corliss in his buggy."

Quint inquired, "Did he have any baggage?"

"Only a small linen bag, which he left here when he was off on excursions. But he took it with him this morning, saying he did n't expect to come back."

The landlady became exceedingly friendly and sympathetic, and insisted on opening a bottle of spruce beer for the wayfarers, while they rested on the shaded bench. It was a welcome refreshment, and Cliff offered to pay for it, but she laughingly told him to "put up his money." Then perceiving that they nibbled furtively at something they brought out from their pockets, between sips, she entered the house, and presently reappeared with two generous sandwiches, consisting of slices of excellent buttered bread, lined with cold sliced ham.

"You are taking too much trouble!" Cliff exclaimed, with hearty gratitude.

"You seem to be proper nice boys," she replied; "and I'm very glad to give you a little treat, after you have been so imposed upon. I shall want you to write your names

in our book. I'll bring it right out here, with a pen, so you can be eating all the while."

"Cliff," said Quint, glancing over his shoulder, to see that she was out of hearing,—he held his glass in one hand and his bitten sandwich in the other,—“if I was n't already fitted out with a tolerably good mother, I know where I'd go to adopt one!”

Cliff nodded and winked, and whispered, as he lifted his glass to his lips, “She's coming back.”

She brought the hotel register, which was not a large one, and laying it open on Cliff's knees, offered him a freshly dipped pen.

“You write for both,” said Quint.

Cliff wrote in a fair round hand, “J. Q. A. Whistler,” saying as he raised the pen, “That small regiment of initials stands for John Quincy Adams; I was afraid there would n't be ink enough to write out the name in full, and I did n't want to keep you running to the inkstand.”

Then Cliff wrote his own name, “Clifford P. Chantry,” made a flourish against both names, and at the right of it put the address—“Biddicut.”

“I declare!” exclaimed the landlady, looking down over the end of the bench. “I know your mother! She was Lucinda Clifford, and she married Jonathan Chantry. We were school-girls together, and I was at her wedding. Tell her you have made the acquaintance of Emmeline Small that was, now Mrs. Robert Grover; and that my husband keeps the Grover House, here in Kilbird.”

“She'll be pleased enough,” said Cliff. “And when I tell her how you treated two strange boys, it is n't going to make her sorry she ever knew you.”

She offered to remove the hotel book, but Quint asked to look at it.

“Just a second,” he said. “Here's our friend's name, Cliff; did you notice it? A little twisted,—‘A. W. Knight,’—with a flourish as long as the cord he gave you to lead the dog by!”

“Burlington!” Cliff exclaimed, reading the address. “He told us Bennington; and here it is as plain as print,”—slapping the register,—“Burlington, Vermont!”

“The trouble with that man is, he forgets,” said Quint. “He'll forget us, if we don't hurry along and overhaul him.”

XIII.

A NICE PET FOR AN OLD COUPLE.

FROM Mrs. Grover's husband, whom they soon met, and from other persons of whom they made inquiries, they gained all needful information regarding the movements of Winslow and the dog. They followed fast, and in a little more than an hour, hot with haste, but high in hope, they entered a small village, to which they had traced the fugitives.

It was a village of scattered houses, in front of one of which they found a bare-headed man leaning over a gate. His back was toward them, and he seemed to be gazing very intently up the street. Farther on were other people in doorways or front yards, or standing in the street, all gazing in the same direction. By his leather apron and the sign over his door, the boys perceived that the man leaning on the gate was a shoemaker.

“What's the show?” Quint asked.

“Show!” said the man, turning upon them a look of disgust. “There's no show! And I've been fooled out of five dollars! Clean as a whistle!”

Cliff asked how that had come about, and the man told his story to an intensely interested audience of two.

“A man come along here about an hour ago, and stepped into my shop, to git me to rasp a nail out of his boot. He had a dog he bragged about, and made him do some tricks. We hain't got no children, and we'd been wishin' for some kind of a pet; and when my wife heard the man say he had got out of money, and would have to part with his dog, she looked at me, and I nodded, and then she says, ‘How much do you ask for him?’ she says. When he said, ‘Twenty dollars,’ I thought of course 't wa'n't no use for us to think of buyin' him; but as he wanted me to make him an offer, I looked at my wife, and she nodded to me, and I says, ‘I'll give three,’ I says, without the least idea he'd take me up. He did n't, exactly, but he come down to ten dol-

lars, then to seven, then said he 'd split the difference; and I looked at my wife and she winked to me, and I says, 'All right,' I says, 'I 'll give ye five,' though I wish to gracious now I 'd stuck to my first bid."

"Where 's the dog now?" Cliff asked, although he knew well enough already.

The man pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, in the direction in which he and the other villagers had been gazing.

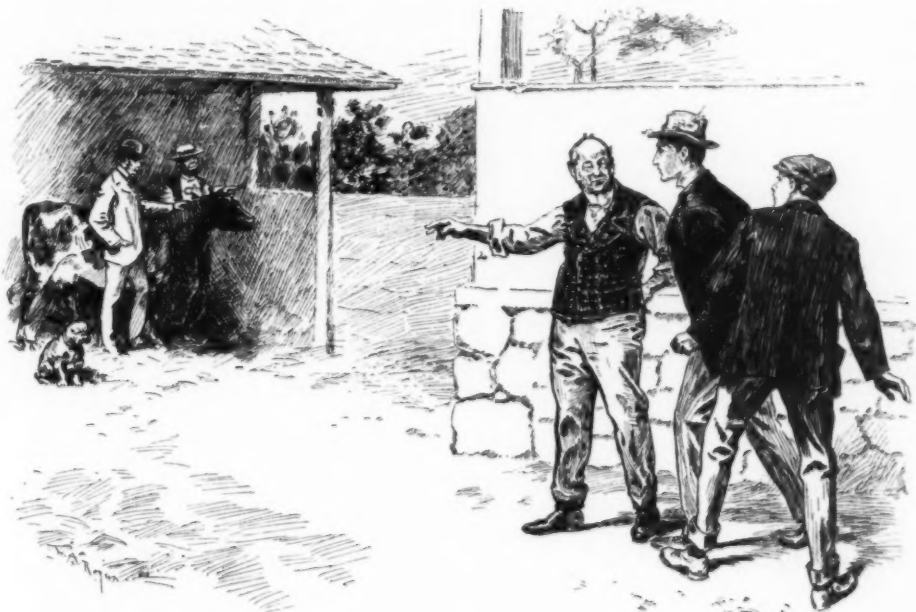
rheumatiz, and can't run; but she rushed out. There she comes now!"

"Without the dog!" said Cliff, gazing eagerly.

The shoemaker's wife had to run the gauntlet of questions from all her neighbors, as she returned with excited looks and panting breath to her husband.

"I never see the beat on 't!" she said.

"He went off like a sky-rocket, and it 's my belief that we never shall see him again."



"THERE 'S YOUR MAN WITH HIS DOG." (SEE PAGE 320.)

"Skipped!" he said. "Skipped like a hopper! We 'd fed him in the shop, with the doors closed; and he was so nice and quiet, my wife wanted to have him a little while in the kitchen; and I said, 'Yes, but keep him shet in for the present,' I said; for the owner advised us to do that till he 'd had time to get well out of the way. There was just a window open, over the kitchen sink; but we did n't think nothin' about that, and he did n't seem to, neither; till all to once — whish! — he was up on that sink and out o' that winder 'fore the scream was out of her mouth. I 've got the

The boys asked for water, which she brought in a tin dipper, with a trembling hand. It was cold from the pump; and having drunk and condoled with the worthy couple for their loss, they resumed their tramp, without deeming it necessary to proclaim their own personal and peculiar interest in the many-times-sold dog.

XIV.

AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

THE chase had become exciting, and our Biddicut boys gave little heed to the circum-

stance that it was taking them farther and farther from home.

"Winslow will be waiting somewhere for Sparkler to come up with him," Quint observed. "Then he'll be trying to sell him again; so we shall be gaining on him all the while."

Soon a team overtook them — a real "team" this time, consisting of a span of horses harnessed to an empty and clattering farm-wagon. The wayfarers turned up sweaty and appealing faces to the driver; and, pulling reins, he invited them to "hop in." It was a welcome change to the boys, enabling them not only to rest their limbs, but also to get over the road faster than they could have done on foot.

They told their story, while the driver, a farmer of the neighborhood, drove them on a mile or more farther to his own house. There a boy came out, and met them with the exciting news that a man with a thin linen bag had stopped at the door, a little while before, to ask for a glass of milk.

"Yes," he said, in answer to Cliff's eager questions; "the man had n't been gone long when a dog came. We should n't have noticed him, only he ran into the yard and out again, and snuffed around, as if he was following the man."

"That 's great news!" Quint exclaimed. "T was a judgmatical idea of Winslow's, that glass of milk!" he said aside to Cliff. "I should n't object to sampling the pan myself."

"By the way," the farmer called to them as they were hurrying on, "would n't *you* like a glass of milk, or a bowl of milk, or a bowl of bread-and-milk? I'm just sitting down to my dinner, and I guess we can give you a plate of boiled victuals too, if you have time to eat it."

"We should n't have time for that," Quint replied. "But bread-and-milk and I are good friends. What do you say, Cliff?"

"We are in an awful hurry," said Cliff; "but — such an offer as that!"

They did, however, take time to give their hands and faces a much-needed washing, and to brush their dusty clothes on the back porch. Meanwhile the farmer's daughters — two merry young girls, whose bright eyes made our Biddicut boys feel untidy and awkward — placed

bread-and-milk on the table opposite the single plate set for their father's late dinner; his family having dined in his absence.

They were profuse in their thanks at parting. But the farmer said:

"You are quite welcome. If you come back this way, stop in. My name is Mills. You may want another bite by that time; and I shall want to hear how you make out dog-hunting."

"Was n't that bread-and-milk a godsend!" said Cliff, when they were once more on the road. "That meal may have to last us till we get home to supper."

"Home to supper!" Quint replied, with a laugh. "I gave that up hours ago. We shall be lucky if our folks see us at breakfast-time tomorrow — or dinner! We're in for it, Cliff! — did you know it?"

"The worst of it is," said Cliff, "we're beginning to look like a couple of tramps; anyhow, that 's the way I feel."

"Was it the pretty girls back there that made you feel so?" Quint queried.

"I could n't help looking at myself with their eyes, and wishing I had better clothes on," Cliff blushingly acknowledged. "And I wish we had more money. I'm afraid we sha'n't have enough to get home with."

"Winslow is our bank," replied Quint. "The farther we go, the more need there is of our catching him. We can't turn back."

They walked fast again, being sure of their trail, and soon got news of Winslow and the dog traveling together. It was easy to trace them; for as he went on through the well-settled but open country, Winslow offered the dog to almost everybody he met, stopping to talk often; so that our Biddicut boys felt at length that they had the trick-dog merchant almost within view.

They were unaccustomed to such journeys; their legs were beginning to ache. Cliff suffered from a pain in his side, Quint was unpleasantly reminded that his shoe hurt him, and both discovered that bread-and-milk, and the few berries they picked by the wayside, were a diet deficient in staying qualities. But now, inspired by the certain nearness of their game, they forgot soreness and fatigue; and

Quint, whose breath held out better than Cliff's, proposed that they should try a trot.

"A dog-trot," he said, with a laugh. "Think you can stand it?"

"Yes, if my confounded side-ache does n't take me again," replied Cliff.

They set their hands to their hips, each with his coat hooked on one arm, and jogged on in silence, Quint always a pace or two ahead.

"I'm getting my second wind," he said presently. "I feel more like running than I did two or three hours ago. Don't you?"

"Y-e-s!" said Cliff, admiring his companion's easy and steady lope. "We ought to get sight of 'em—from the top—of that knoll!" speaking with difficulty.

"Hello!" said Quint, "there's a crossing that's going to bother us."

Crossings and forks were their chief source of delay and vexation, but for which they must have overtaken the fugitives long before. This one, however, hindered them hardly long enough to enable Cliff to recover breath. Fresh dog-tracks were discovered, and a little further on they saw a man mowing briars by the roadside fence.

Yes, he had seen a man and a dog pass ten or fifteen minutes before.

"Did he want to sell his dog?"

"No; he just asked how far it was to the Snelling farm. That's a great stock-farm, where they have all sorts of live critters. You can see it from the top of the hill above here; a spread of buildings, with a tall windmill and a red-painted water-tank."

Wild roses in bloom, and raspberry bushes in full bearing, were the briars the man was cutting. The boys hurriedly picked and ate the berries while they talked.

"It seems too bad to cut them," said Quint.

"They spread into the fields," replied the man. "Wild roses don't do no good, and I never git none of the berries."

He slashed away at the briars, while the boys hastened on.

"Wild roses don't do no good!" Quint repeated disdainfully. "And he cuts the raspberries because he never gets none! A good man enough, I guess, but not exactly my style."

He had cut off a spray of the wild roses,

which he stuck in his hat-band. Cliff carried a raspberry branch, plucking and eating the berries as they pushed on.

They were soon at the summit of the hill, gazing down upon a long stretch of open road; and near by, on the left, the orchards and build-ings and windmill of the great Snelling farm.

"No such need of hurrying now," said Quint, wiping his forehead. "We must save our wind for emergencies. If he's there, he'll stay till we come. Then there's no knowing what will happen!" He laughed grimly.

They put on their coats, and talked in low tones, as they walked, still at a brisk pace, under the shelter of some orchard trees growing near the street.

"You look out for the dog; get hold of him the first thing, and leave me to deal with Winslow," said Quint. "Keep cool!" for he saw that Cliff was excited.

They came in sight of the great granite posts of the Snelling gateway, before entering which they stopped to wait for a carriage coming toward them along the road beyond. The driver answered their concise inquiries without drawing rein. He had met no man and dog.

"Then he's here!" Quint said to his companion, as with all their senses alert they turned in at the open gate.

One branch of a broad driveway curved in toward the front of the house; the other led to the rear, and to the farm-buildings beyond. This the boys followed, keeping close to a thick border of Norway spruces that thrust out heavy boughs above their heads. So they came to an open coach-house in the doorway of which an old coachman in overalls was polishing the brass mountings of a handsome harness.

"Have you seen a man and a dog come into the place lately?" Cliff asked, in a low voice, which he could n't keep from trembling.

"I have, not many minutes ago," replied the old coachman. "He inquired for Mr. Snelling, and they have just gone into the yards together."

"The yards?—where are they?"

The old coachman dropped his polishing-brush on a chair, dusted his fingers on his overalls, and said, "Come along." The boys were

careful to keep a little behind him, and partially concealed by his broad shoulders, as he passed the gate toward an open shed between two barns. There was a sound of voices in that direction, and presently the old man said:

"There 's Mr. Snelling, patting the cow's neck, and there 's your man with his dog."

The little group was in an angle of the shed, not twenty yards away. The boys peered over the shoulders of their guide, eager to command the situation, yet cautious of exposing themselves to view. He had stopped; they stopped too, in sudden amazement.

The man in the shed with Mr. Snelling was putting a rope on the cow's horns. He was an Irish laborer, and his dog was an ugly bull-terrier!

"Was n't there another man?" Cliff gasped.

The old coachman had seen no other, and no other dog. Quint was utterly dismayed. But he soon recovered his equanimity, and questioned the Irish laborer.

The man had been sent for the cow from a farm about two miles away; and it appeared that he had come by the cross-road at the

corner of which the boys had last stopped to look for tracks, and found them, although they were probably those of the wrong dog.

"Well, Quint, what now?" said Cliff, almost ready to cry with disappointment and vexation.

"What time is it?" Quint asked, turning to the coachman, who pulled out a big silver watch, and obligingly turned the full moon of its rimmed face toward the boys. "Thank you," said Quint. "Only half-past two. Earlier than I thought."

"We might get home to-night, if we start now," said Cliff. "We 've lost the trail."

"But we may pick it up again," replied Quint. "If you are tuckered out and discouraged, you can rest here, while I start out alone to make discoveries."

"If you keep on, I shall," said Cliff. "It was partly on your account I felt we ought to take the shortest cut home."

Quint answered with a droll smile: "As for me, I 'm just finding out what my gambrel-roof nose is for; it 's to follow through thick and thin the man who named it. Come on!"

(To be continued.)



THE GRANDILOQUENT GOAT.

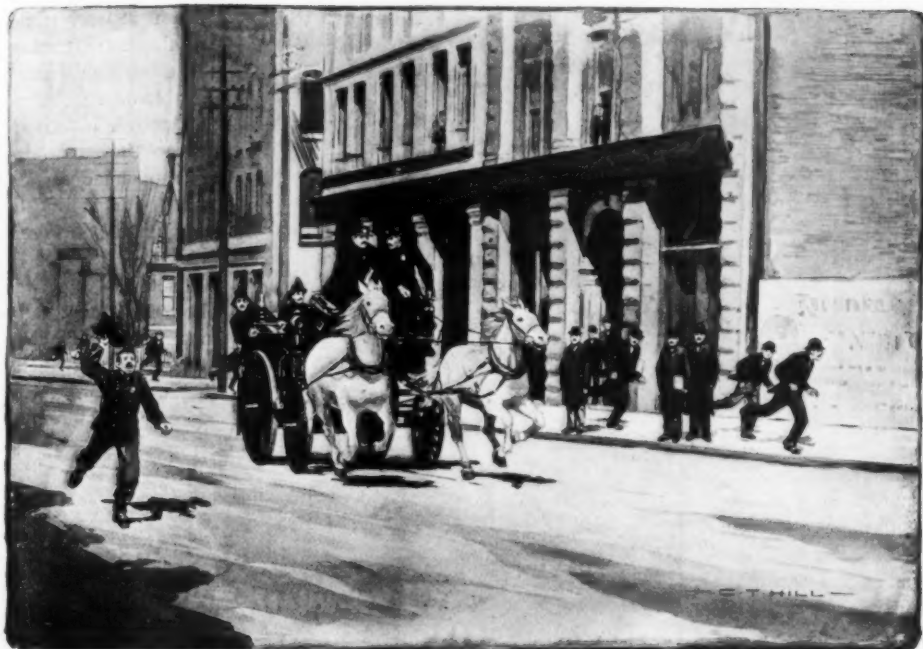
A very grandiloquent GOAT
Sat down to a gay table d'hôte,
He ate all the corks,
The knives and the forks,
Remarking: "On these things I dote."

Then before his repast he began,
While pausing the menu to scan,
He said: "Corn, if you please,
And tomatoes and pease,
I'd like to have served in the can."

Carolyn Wells.

THE QUICK HORSE.

By F. S. DELLENBAUGH.



"DAN" AND "JOE" AT FULL SPEED.

MANKIND loves the horse, for the horse has been one of man's most valuable aids and companions in all countries and in all ages. But there are preferences among horses. Some are prized for their steady working-qualities — their ability to draw heavy loads. From time immemorial the quality of speed has thrilled humanity and found an echo in many a stirring poem. "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" makes the blood tingle in one's finger-tips, and we follow brave Roland across the dawn-kissed Belgian landscape with swift anxiety. When Browning tells us how "Mulýkeh's" master, rather than win back his beautiful favorite by defeating her in the pursuit, shouts to the fleeing thief telling him how to call forth her highest

speed, our hearts go out to him in sympathy as his pet steed in consequence vanishes forever from his fond sight. "Sheridan's Ride" wakes us up till the thunder of hoofs is mingled with the rattle of musketry and the cheer of the rallying troops as the gallant commander spurs on to the front. In other ballads we dash with Kit Carson over the crisp dry prairies with the roaring fire-demon in hot pursuit, or we shoot our animal in "Lasca," that stirring poem by Frank Desprez, and take refuge from the stampeded cattle beneath his poor body.

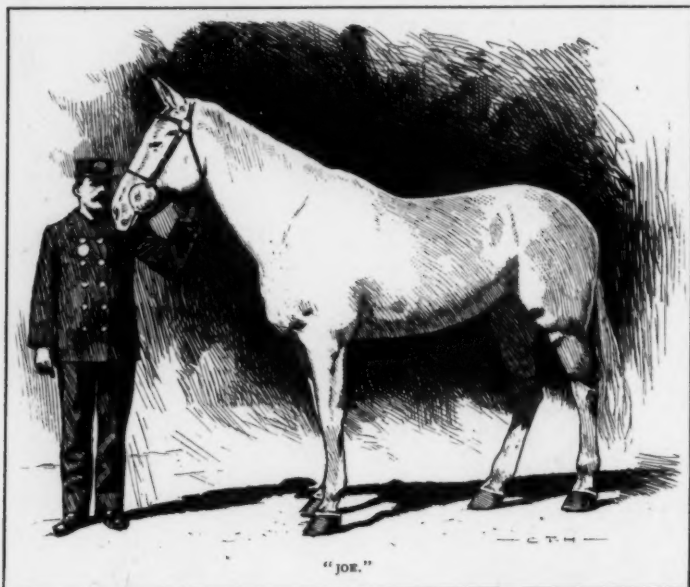
But it is only within recent years that *quick* horses have been developed and appreciated and admired, and the poet has not yet attempted to sing the praises of this more pro-

saic but noble animal. Yet, after all, to one who carefully examines the matter, the quick

broke out everybody far and near began to run and, especially, began to yell; and the volun-

teer firemen of that time, being in the service for the excitement of it, joined in the yell and started out the old hand-engine from its solemn repose, while the foreman running ahead shouted innumerable orders hoarsely through his trumpet, to the great delight of hundreds of small boys panting to keep up in the glorious race.

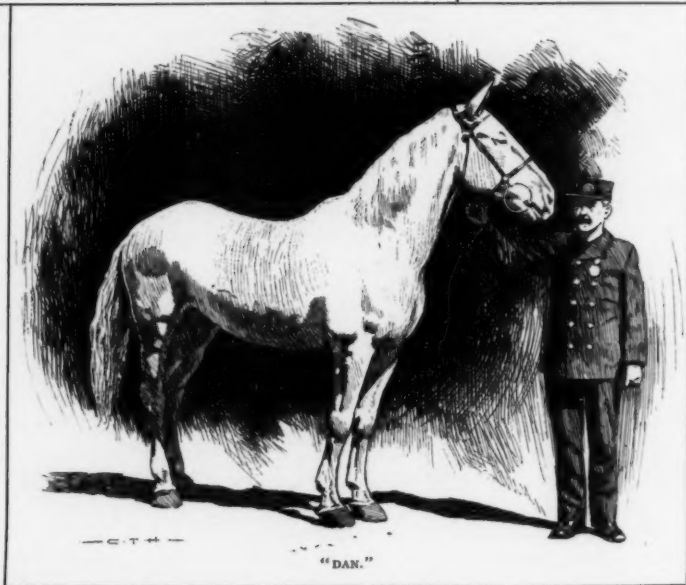
The fire—that was altogether a secondary matter; and when they all finally got there, they went to work with more or less efficiency.



"JOE."

horse appears to have quite as good, if not a better, claim upon our admiration and sympathy and encouragement. The swift horse wins the race; and in these days he may cause considerable money to change hands, in which there is certainly nothing that is commendable. But the quick horse I write about saves life, saves property, and under modern conditions of life is essential to our safety and general well-being. He is the result indirectly of poor building—an outgrowth of our skilful American Fire Departments, which could not now exist without him.

Not so very many years ago, when a fire



"DAN."

There was a great deal of fun in the business, but fires were not extinguished. Our cities in the early days were not built to prevent fires,

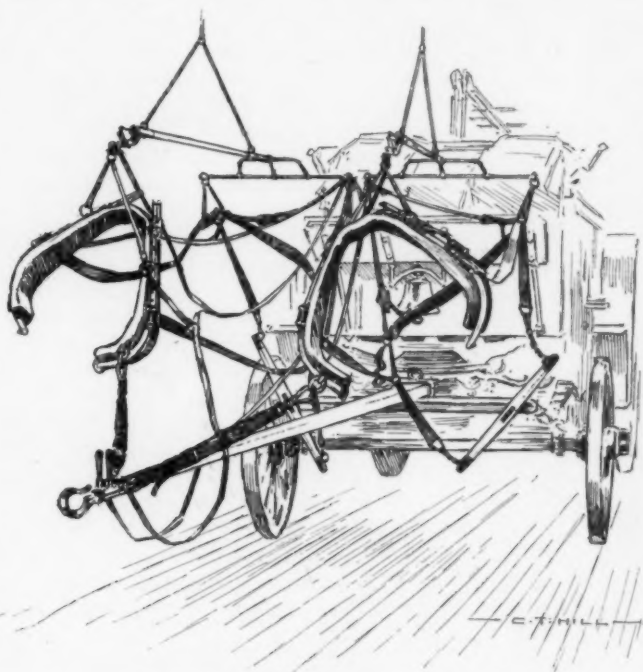
but seemed, if anything, rather built to encourage them.

In France we may well be amused as we watch the *pompier* corps trundle its bath-tub on wheels to the scene of the conflagration, and deliberately fill its compartments with water dipped up from the gutter, whence it is thrown by a little pump upon the flames, because we know much of the architecture there is solid, and if the fire is not extinguished it will soon burn itself out. But in our country, a mere spark may in a few seconds become a devouring furnace, and destroy house after house and block after block. Many buildings are tinder-boxes, and our dry climate adds to their inflammability, while the ever-present careless or lazy workman by improper construction gives the fire its first opportunity.

When, therefore, a fire breaks out in America, it is necessary to reach it *at once*. The telegraph was brought into service in sending the alarm. In Munich some years ago the method in vogue was to hang out a red flag by day and a red lantern by night from the top of one of the Frauenkirche towers, on the side in the direction of the fire; but in America such a system would have resulted in the destruction of the whole town. The telegraph is the only thing for us.

But it is not enough to know immediately the exact location of a fire; it is also necessary to reach it immediately. The steam fire-engine was a splendid machine, with steam always up and everything in readiness for instant departure, but how to secure this instant departure was a question. Horses were kept standing in their stalls with the harness on, but this was not quick enough. Each second's delay meant loss

of life or possibly millions of property destroyed. So the first swinging harness was invented: a harness contrived in such a way that, while always attached to the engine or other apparatus, it could be made to drop instantly on the horse's back and fasten there. This seemed to solve the question, but there remained one more step, and this was the training of the *quick* horse. Not only must the engine and the harness and the men and the horses be ready, but the horses must be in the harness at once—the operation



AN EARLY MODEL OF THE SWINGING HARNESS.

must be as nearly instantaneous as human ingenuity and brute intelligence together could contrive. In every fire-engine house in the United States to-day, therefore, we may see and admire the "quick" horse, sleek-limbed, clear-eyed, with an alert, intelligent air, standing not far from the machine of which he is the moving power.

The casual visitor saunters in. He thinks the life of a fireman is a quiet and easy one, judging from the appearance of the quarters.

All is serene. The machines are immaculate in polished brass and red paint. Some of the men are reading, others are playing a game of checkers.

Suddenly there is a tinkling somewhere, and the stroke of a gong. A snap, a click,—and through the wide-open doors the various machines fly, one after another, until the visitor views in astonishment an empty house. It is like magic—a wonderful “transformation-scene.” He gazes up and down the street, but the galloping procession has vanished as if it were a dream.

The quick horse has done his duty, and once more exhibited the power of organization and training. Within the time required by the fireman of the olden time to throw open the engine-house doors, the complicated machines of to-day are throwing water on the flames, and the brave firemen, having scaled the building with the agility of acrobats, are dealing well-considered blows against the fire foe.

In almost every city there is a practice-drill at least once a day in the engine-houses, and the visitor may have an opportunity of inspecting the admirable development of the American fire system and the fine horses so splendidly trained. And he may also have an opportunity at the same time of lamenting that other branches of our public service are not conducted with equal efficiency.

The quickest horses in the world were at one time in Kansas City, at the headquarters of its fire-department, directly under the office of the chief, Mr. George C. Hale. To Mr. Hale's genius, more than to any other factor, the quick horse owed his first development; for Mr. Hale is the inventor of the earliest swinging-harness—which made the quick horse possible. When Mr. Henry M. Stanley and his wife were in this country, they witnessed an exhibition-drill of the Kansas City Fire Department. The drill so impressed the visitors that an account of it was published in a London journal, and this English article brought an invitation to Mr. Hale to visit England as the representative of the American Fire Service at the International Fire Tournament.

Mr. Hale and a picked corps went to England, taking with them the remarkably quick horses “Joe” and “Dan,” those shown on page 322, and they became world-famous. As the

quickest harnessing time of the London Fire Brigade is one minute seventeen and one half seconds, and the Kansas City horses were harnessed in one and three quarters seconds, and were out of the engine-house in less than eight seconds, there could be no competition. In Kansas City, four fine bays were harnessed to the hook-and-ladder truck almost as quickly as even Joe and Dan could jump into their harnesses. It was a pretty sight to see these four well-kept horses spring to their places at the stroke of the gong, and in two or three seconds stand ready to run with the apparatus. Joe was killed by an accident; but Dan, with a new mate, is still in service, and as quick as ever.

The record for quickest time from the engine-house to the throwing of water on the fire is held by a Kansas City company. In this instance the horses were harnessed, a run of 2,194 feet (a little less than half a mile) was made, and water thrown from the hose in the wonderfully brief time of one minute thirty-one and one half seconds.

All the various fire-brigades of the United States are efficient, and the men are proud of their work and enthusiastic; above all, they are faithful and brave. Most of the apparatus used has been invented within a comparatively recent period, and the water-tower, another invention of Mr. Hale's, and the fire ladders now owned by every large city, are essential aids in fighting the fires which in the flimsier buildings of our cities so soon reach appalling magnitude. To be of service, the firemen must be on the ground within a very few minutes after the beginning of a fire, or they will find it a roaring furnace. Even with the wonderful speed and efficiency of our service, fires frequently get the upper hand of the brave men, and efforts are then directed to confining it to one building.

It is the quick horse, however, that enables the firemen to get to work promptly; without him the present rapidity would be almost impossible, so the speedy horse no longer bears the palm alone. Let us hope that some good poet will ere long immortalize the willing steeds which spring at the stroke of the gong into their collars, and dash eagerly away with their ponderous load to save human life and property.

WITH THE BLACK PRINCE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.



[This story was begun in the November number.]

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT DAY OF CRÉCY.

"T is yet an hour before the tide will be out, but I believe that horsemen might cross now."

The speaker was a clownish-looking man wearing the wooden shoes and coarse blouse of a French peasant. He stood at the stirrup of a knight in black armor, whose questions he was answering.

"Sir William of Wakeham," the Prince said, "send in thy men-at-arms. Post thy archers

on the bank, right and left. We shall soon see if Godemar du Fay can bar the Somme against us."

"The archers are already posted," replied Sir William; "Neville and his Warwickshire men hold the right. The men of Suffolk and Kent are on the left."

"Forward, in the King's name!" commanded the young general, for his royal father had given him charge of the advance.

It was a critical moment, for if the ford of Blanche Taque should not be forced, the entire English army would be hemmed in between the river Somme and the hosts of France. It was but little after sunrise, and Edward had sent orders to all his captains to move forward.

The river Somme was wider here than in its deeper channels, above and below. The opposite bank was held by a force that was evidently strong, but its numbers were of less account at the outset. Only a few from either side could contend for the passage of Blanche Taque.

Therefore these were the chosen knights of all England who now rode into the water, finding it nearly up to their horse-girths.

Forward from the other shore rode in the men-at-arms of Godemar du Fay to hold the ford for Philip of Valois.

"Now is our time!" shouted Richard to his archers. "Guy the Bow, let every archer draw his arrow to the head!"

Ill fared it then for the French riders when among them, aimed at horses rather than at men, flew the fatal messengers of the marksmen from the forest of Arden. Lances were fiercely thrust, maces and swords rang heavily upon helm and shield; but soon the French column fell into confusion. Its front rank failed of support and was driven steadily back. It was almost as if the English champions went on without pausing; and in a few minutes they were pushing forward and widening their front upon the land.

Blanche Taque was taken, for of Godemar du Fay's twelve thousand, only a thousand were men-at-arms. When the regular ranks of these were broken, his ill-disciplined infantry took to flight and the battle was over. All the while the tide was running out.

"Stand fast, O'Rourke!" called Richard, to the impatient Irish chieftain, who was striding angrily back and forth in front of his line of axmen.

"Ay, but, my lord of Wartmont," returned the O'Rourke, "there is fighting and we are not in the battle. Hark!"

"Neville, advance! Thou and all thine to the front, seeking Wakeham. In the King's name, forward!"

A knight in bright armor had drawn rein at a little distance, and he pointed toward the ford as he spoke. It was crowded still by Sir Thomas Gifford's men-at-arms, but the battle on the other shore had drifted far away.

"Forward, O'Rourke!" shouted Richard. "Forward, Guy the Bow! Forward, David Griffith! Good fortune is with us! We are to be under the Prince's own command!"

Loud cheers replied, and with much laughter and full of courage Richard's force waded into the shallow Somme.

It was easy crossing now for all, with none to hinder. Then, as the last flags of the English rearguard fluttered upon the left bank of the Somme, good eyes might have discovered on the horizon the banners of the foremost horsemen of King Philip. He had marched fast and far that morning, and once more the English army seemed barely to have escaped him.

"A cunning hunter is our good lord the King," remarked Ben o' Coventry, to his fellows as they pushed on.

"Thou art ever malapert," said Guy the Bow. "What knowest thou of the thoughts of thy betters?"

"He who runs may read," said Ben. "Can a Frenchman live without eating?"

"I trow not," responded Guy. "What is thy riddle?"

"Did we not waste the land as we came?" said Ben. "Hath not Philip, these three days, marched through the waste? I tell thee that when he is over the Somme he must fight or starve. Well for us, and thanks to the King, that we are to meet a host that is both footsore and half famished. I can put down a hungry man, any day."

Deep, indeed, had been the wisdom of the King, and his army encamped that Thursday

night, without fear of an attack, and the next morning they again went on.

Edward himself rode forward in the advance, after the noontide of Friday, and during the whole march he seemed to be searching the land with his eyes.

"Sir John of Chandos," he exclaimed, at last; "see yon windmill on the hill. This is the place, I sought. Ride thou with me." The hill was not very high, and its sides sloped away gently. The King dismounted at the door of the mill, and gazed in all directions.

"They will come from the west," he said, "with the sun in their eyes. Yon is our battle-field. Here we will bide their onset. Chandos, knowest thou that I am to fight Philip of Valois on mine own land?"

"The village over there is called Crécy," replied Sir John. "Truly, the crown of France is thine, rather than Philip's."

"Ay, so," said Edward, "whether or no he can keep it from me; but this broad vale and the village and the chateaux are my inheritance from my grandmother. Seest thou that ditch, to the right, with its fellow on the left? I trust they have good depth. 'T is a field prepared!"

After that he rode slowly, with his son and a gallant company, throughout the camps, talking kindly and familiarly with high and low alike, and bidding all to trust God and be sure of victory. Brave men were they and well did they love their King, but it was good for their courage that they should see his face and hear his voice and assure their hearts that they had a great captain for their commander.

In number, they were about as many as had sailed at the first from England, small losses by the way, and the absence of those left as garrisons of strongholds captured in Normandy, having been made good by later arrivals.

This first duty done, the King went to his quarters in the neighboring castle of La Broye, and here he gave a grand entertainment to all his captains and gentlemen of note. There was much music at the royal feast, and every man was inspired to do his best on the morrow. All the instruments sounded together loudly, at the close, when the warriors, who were so soon to fight to the death, arose to their feet and stood thus in silence, while the King and the Prince

turned away and walked out of the hall together, no man following.

"Whither go they?" whispered the Earl of Hereford to Sir John Chandos.

"As it doth well become our King at this hour," replied Sir John. "They go to the chapel of La Broye to pray for victory. 'T will do our men no harm to be told that the King and the Prince are on their knees."

"Verily, my men shall know," said Richard Neville to Sir Thomas Gifford.

All of Edward's army, save the watchers and sentries, slept soundly that night. It was wonderful how little uncertainty they had about the result of the battle.

The morning came, but there were clouds in the sky and the air was sultry. It was Saturday, the 26th of August, 1346.

Edward the King posted himself at the windmill. On the slope and below it were a third of his men-at-arms and a strong body of footmen. This was the reserve. In front thereof, the remainder of the army was placed in the form of a great harrow, with its point—a blunt one enough—toward the hill, and its beams marked by the ditch lines.

The right beam of this English harrow was commanded by the Black Prince in person, and with him were the Earls of Warwick and Hereford, Geoffrey of Harcourt, and Sir John Chandos, with many another famous knight. This force was less than a thousand men-at-arms, with Irish and Welsh, but they were especially strong in bowmen, for the King retained few archers with him.

But little less was the strength of the left beam of the harrow, commanded by the Earls of Northampton and Arundel.

"Fortune has favored us!" exclaimed one of the men-at-arms to his young commander; "we are well placed here at the right. We shall be among the first to face the French!"

"Here cometh the Prince," responded Richard, "with his Red Dragon banner of Wales. The royal standard is with the King at the mill."

Reviewing the lines with care, and giving many orders as he came, the Prince rode up, clad in his plain black armor and wearing the helmet of a simple esquire.

"Richard Neville," he said, as he drew near, "see that thou dost thy devoir, this day."

Richard's head bowed low as the Prince wheeled away; as he again sat erect upon his war-horse, a voice near him muttered:

slowly by. At length the King ordered that every man should be supplied with food and drink, that they might not fight fasting.

Darker grew the clouds until they hung low over all the sky. Blue flashes of lightning were

followed by deafening thunder-peals, and then there fell a deluge of warm rain.

The English archers were posted in the front ranks, along the harrow beams, but the rain harmed not their bows. Every bow-string was as yet in its case, with its hard spun-silk securely dry.

"Harken well, all," said Richard, addressing his men. "The Prince orders that there shall be no shouting. Fight with shut lips, and send forth no shaft without a sure mark."

"We are to bite and not to bark," said Ben o' Coventry in a low voice. Then he added aloud: "Yon marshy level is better for the rain. A horse might sink to his pasterns."

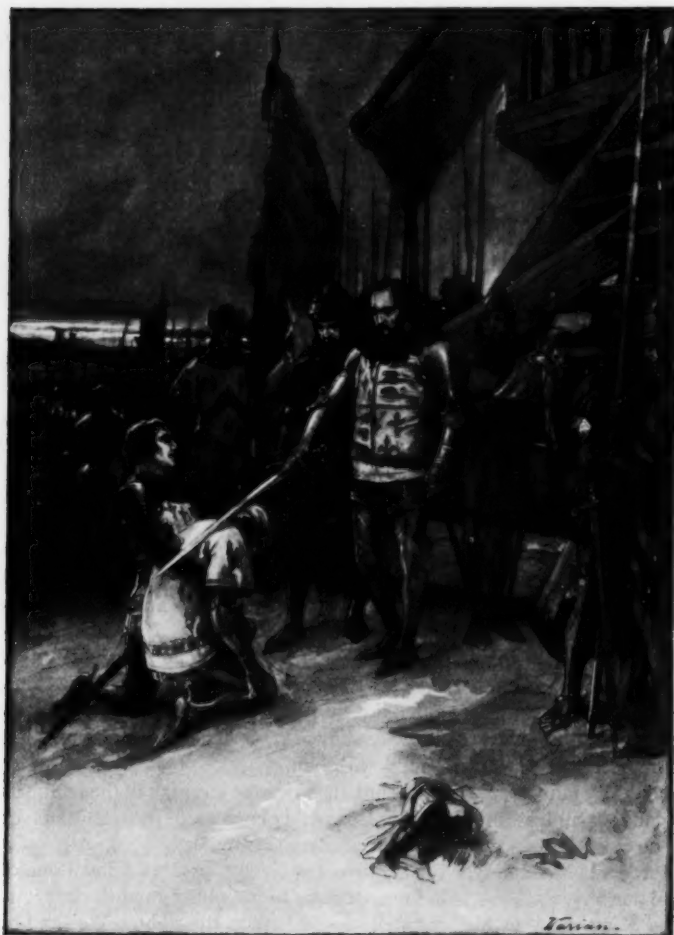
"The ditch runs full," said Richard. "The King chose his battleground wisely."

"We are put behind the archery, now," said David Griffith to his Welshmen. "So are the Irish; but our

time to fight will come soon enough."

Most of the men-at-arms belonging to each beam of the harrow were drawn up at the inner end, ready to mount and ride, but wasting no effort, now, of horse or man.

"The very rain has fought for England," remarked the Prince to his knights, as at the front



"HE HEARD BUT FAINTLY THE WORDS THAT MADE HIM A KNIGHT: 'ARISE, SIR RICHARD OF WARTMONT!'" (SEE PAGE 332.)

"Ho! Seest thou? The French are coming!"

Richard looked, and in the distance he could see a glittering and a flag, but after a long gaze he replied:

"It is too soon. Those are but a band of skirmishers."

So it proved; and the long, hot hours went

they wheeled for their return. "There will be hard marching for the host of Philip of Valois."

"They must come through deep mud and tangled country, my lord the Prince," replied the Earl of Warwick. "His huge rabble of horse and foot will be sore crowded and well wearied."

Moreover, there was much free speech among the knights concerning the difference between the opposing armies as to their training and discipline.

King Philip willed to begin the fight with an advance of his Genoese crossbowmen, fifteen thousand strong. It was bolts against arrows. The Genoese might have done better on another day, for their fame was great; but at this hour they were at the end of a forced march of six leagues, each man carrying his cumbersome weapon with its sheaf of bolts. This had weakened their muscles and diminished their ardor; besides, the sudden rain had soaked their bow-strings. The cords stretched when the strain of the winding winch was put upon them, and had lost their spring, so that they would not throw with good force. Their captains nevertheless drove them forward, at the French king's command.

From his post at the mill-foot the royal general of England surveyed the field.

"The day waneth," he said to his earls; "but the waiting is over. The sun is low and sends the stronger glare into their eyes. Mark you how closely packed is that hedge of men-at-arms and lances behind the Genoese? Philip is mad!"

On pushed the crossbowmen, until they were well within the beams of the broad harrow, but there they halted, to do somewhat with their bolts, if they could; and they sent up a great shout. No answer came, for the English archers stood silent, holding each a clothyard arrow ready for the string.

Small harm was done by the feebly shot crossbow-bolts, and the Genoese were ordered to go nearer. They made a threatening rush, indeed; but then of their own accord they halted again and shouted, thinking perhaps to terrify the English army.

Steady as statues stood the archers until the Earl of Hereford, at a word from the Prince,

rode out to where he could be seen by all and waved his truncheon.

Up came the bows, along the serried lines, while each man chose his mark as if he were shooting for a prize upon a holiday in Merry England.

Those of the enemy who escaped to tell the tale said afterward that then it seemed as if it snowed arrows, so swiftly twanged the strings and sped the white shafts.

With yells of terror, the stricken Genoese broke and fled; for by reason of Edward's order of battle they were in a cross-fire from the two beams of the harrow, and few shots failed of a target among them.

Some of them even cut the damp strings of their useless crossbows as they went, lest they should be bidden to turn and fight again. They were now, however, only a pell-mell mob, and it was impossible to command them.

Behind the advance of the Genoese had been the splendid array of King Philip's men-at-arms, a forest of lances. In a fair field, and handled well, they were numerous enough to ride down the entire force of King Edward. Against such an attack the English king had cunningly provided. At no great distance in the view of his knights rode Philip himself, with kings and princes for his company; and fierce was his wrath over the unexpected discomfiture of his luckless crossbowmen.

"Slay me these cowardly scoundrels!" he shouted to his knights. "Charge through them, smiting as ye go!"

Forward rode the thousands of the chivalry of France and Germany and Bohemia, every mailed warrior among them being full of contempt for the thin barrier of English foot-soldiers. All they now needed, it seemed to them, was to disentangle their panoplied war-horses from that crowd of panic-stricken Genoese. It would also be well if they could pass the wet ground, and avoid plunging against one another in the hurly-burly.

But now was to be noted another proof of the wise forethought of the English king. He had had prepared, and the Prince had placed at short intervals along the battle-line a number of the new machines called "bombards." These were short, hollow tubes, made either of thick

oaken staves, bound together with strong straps of iron, or (as was said of some of them), the staves themselves were bars of iron. Before this day, none knew exactly when, there had been discovered by the alchemists a curious compound that, packed into the bombards, would explode with force when touched by fire, and hurl an iron ball to a great distance. It would hurt whatever thing it might alight upon; but the King's thought was rather that the loud explosions and the flying missiles might affright the mettled horses of the French men-at-arms.

Soon the air was full of the roaring of these bombards; and they served somewhat the King's purpose. But so little was then thought of this use of gunpowder at Crécy that some who chronicled the battle, not having been there to see and hear, failed even to mention it.

The fine array of the gallant knights was now confused indeed. They vainly sought to restore their broken order. Not only the manner of the flight of the Genoese, and the greater force and longer line of the right beam of the English harrow invited them to urge their steeds in that direction, but there also floated the Red Dragon banner of the Prince of Wales. Well did each good knight know that there was beating the heart of the great battle.

Worse than the noisy wrath of bombards came now at the command of the Prince. To right and left, plying their bows as they went, wheeled orderly sections of the archery lines, that through those gaps might pass the fierce rush of the wild Welshmen. They were ordered forward, not to contend with knights in armor of proof, but to slay the horses with their javelins.

Terrible was the work they did, darting lightly to and fro; and it was pitiful to see so many gallant knights rolled helplessly upon the ground, encumbered by their armor. Nevertheless, many kept their saddles, and broke through the Welsh to find themselves forced to draw rein in front of the deep ditches that guarded the archery, who were ever plying their deadly bows.

"Down lances!" shouted the Black Prince to his men-at-arms, at the head of the harrow.

"For England! For the King! St. George! Charge!"

More than two thousand mailed horsemen, of England's best, struck their spurs deep as the royal trumpet sounded. Riders and horses were fresh and unwearied.

There was the thunder of many hoofs, a crash of splintering lances, and they were hand-to-hand with King Philip's disordered chivalry. Well for him and his if he had then sounded a recall, so that his shattered forces might be rearranged; but instead he poured forward his reserves, thereby increasing the pressure and the tumult, while the English archers ever plied their bows with deadly effect.

It was then that the blind King of Bohemia, the ally of Philip in this war, was told how the day was going. At his side rode several of his nobles, and he said to them:

"I pray and beseech you that you lead me so far into the fight that I may strike one blow with this sword of mine."

He had been accounted a knight of worth in his youth, and the spirit of battle was yet strong upon him, neither did there yet seem to be good reason why his request should not be granted. Therefore his friends, on either hand, fastened the bridle-bits of their horses on a line with his own, and they rode bravely forward together.

Right hard was the strife that now went on, especially between the beams of the harrow and toward the right. In the midst of it floated the Red Dragon flag, and here the Prince and his companions-in-arms were contending against the greater numbers of their assailants. Here was the center toward which all were pressing, and here, it was seen, the fate of the battle was to be decided. For this very reason the pressure was less upon the left beam of the harrow, and its captains could the better observe the marvelous passage at arms around the Prince.

"Sir Thomas Norwich," spoke the Earl of Northampton, "we must all go forward and do our best. Ride thou to the King, and crave of him that he send help with speed. We fear it is full time for the reserves to move, if it be not even now too late."

Then the Earl of Arundel and other knights lowered their lances and setting spurs to their horses charged into the thickest press.

Away spurred the knight of Norwich, and, ere many minutes had elapsed, he gave the message to the King at the foot of the wind-mill. For there had the King been standing all the while watching the course of the battle with better perception than could be had by any of those who were in it. He could, therefore, discern in what manner Philip of Valois was defeating himself, crushing his own forces.

"Is my son dead, or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?" he calmly inquired of the messenger.

"No, sire," responded Norwich; "but he is in a hard passage at arms, and sorely needs your help."

"Return thou, Sir Thomas, to those who sent thee," said the King, "and bid them not to send to me so long as my son lives. Let the boy win his spurs; for, if God so order it, I will that the day may be his, and that the honor may be with him and with them to whom I gave it in charge."

No more could the good knight say, and back he rode without company.

There were those who thought it hard of the King, but better it was that he should hold his reserves for utter need.

Nevertheless, the aspect seemed to be growing darker to the true English hearts that were fighting in the press. They saw not, as the King did, that owing to his cunning plan of battle, more in number of the English than of the enemy were at any instant actually smiting, save at the center, around the Prince himself.

Dark as was the seeming, the heart of none was failing.

"To the Prince! To the Prince!" shouted Richard Neville, as the space in front of him was cleared somewhat of foemen. "Follow me!" Forward he went, and loudly rang out behind him the battle-shouts of his men. They were fewer than at the beginning; but boldly and loyally they had closed up shoulder to shoulder.

Richard's horse was slain under him, by a thrust from a German pike; but the rider was lifted to his feet in time to meet the rush of the King of Bohemia and his friends. Their horses were sadly hampered by that hitching together of bridles, and were rearing, plunging, unman-

ageable. More than one blow had the old, blind hero given that day, as he had willed. None knew now by whose arrows his horse and those of his comrades went down, but after they were unhorsed the wild tide of the battle passed over them, for none of them rose again.

"To the Prince!" shouted Richard, fiercely. "I saw his crest go down!"

The arrows and darts flew fast as the young hero of Wartmont fought his way in amid the crash of swords and lances.

"Now, Heaven be praised!" he cried out. "I see the Prince! He lives!"

He said no more, for before him stood a tall knight with a golden wing upon his helmet, and wielding a battle-ax.

Clang, clang, followed blow on blow between those twain. It had been harder for Richard, but that his foe was wearied with the heat and the long combat. Well and valorously did each hold his own, but a blow from another blade fell upon Richard's bosom, cleaving his breast-plate. Then, even as he sank, across him strode what seemed some giant, and a wild cry in the Irish tongue went up as the O'Rourke's pole-ax fell upon the shoulder of the knight of the golden wing.

"On!" shouted the furious chief. "On, men of the fens! Forward, Connaught and Ulster! Vengeance for our young lord! Down with the French!"

Hundreds of strong Irish had followed their leader, and timely indeed was their coming, for the sun was sinking and need was to win the victory speedily.

"Alas!" said Guy the Bow, as he bent over Richard. "I pray thee, tell me, art thou deadly hurt, my lord?"

"Lift me!" gasped Richard. "Put me upon my feet. I would fight on and fall with the Prince."

Quickly they lifted him, but he staggered faintly and leaned upon Guy the Bow.

"I fear he is sore hurt," muttered Guy.

But at that moment there arose a great shouting. It began among the reserves who were with the King on the slope of the hill.

"They fly! The foe are breaking! The day is ours! The field is won! God and St. George for England, and for the King!"

It was true, for the army of the king of France could bear no more. All things were against them. They could neither fight in ranks nor flee from the clothyard shafts.

The Prince came near the group around Richard, and pausing from giving swift orders to his knights he stepped forward.

"T is Richard of Wartmont!" he exclaimed. "Is he dying?"

Straight up stood Richard, raising his visor. He was ghastly pale, but his voice had partly come back to him.

"I think not, Prince Edward," he faltered. "But I thank Heaven that thou art safe!"

"Courage," said the Prince. "The field is ours, and thou hast won honor this day. Bear him with me to the King."

Here and there, brave fragments of what had been the mighty host of France held out and still fought on; but they were not enough. All others sought to save themselves as best they might from the pitiless following of the English. Those in the rear who fled at once were safe enough, and the sunset and the evening shadows were good friends to many more of the French. Most fortunate were such horsemen as had not been able to get into the harrow, for only about twelve hundred knights were slain. With them, however, fell eleven princes and the King of Bohemia, and thirty thousand footmen. The King of France himself was a fugitive that night, seeking where he might hide his head.

From his place on the hill, King Edward of England watched the closing of the great

day of Crécy, and now before him stood a strange array. Shorn plumes, cloven crests or none, battered and bloody armor, broken swords, shivered lances, battle-worn faces, lighted somewhat by pride of victory, were arrayed before him. All were on foot and each man bowed the knee.

Few, but weighty and noble with thanks and honor, were the words of the King. More he would say, he told them, when he should better know each man's meed of praise.

At length the Black Prince came forward, and he knelt before his father, to rise a knight, for he had won his spurs.

"Richard of Wartmont!" cheerily spoke the King. "Come thou!"

"Sore wounded, sire," said Sir Henry of Wakeham; "but I will aid."

"Not so," exclaimed the Prince. "I will bring him myself."

When Richard was brought before King Edward, he heard but faintly the words that made him a knight:

"Arise, Sir Richard of Wartmont!"

All strength and life that were yet in Richard had helped him to lean upon the Prince's arm, to kneel, to rise again, and to hear, almost without hearing, the good words of the King. Then he stepped backward, and Guy the Bow put an arm around him and said lovingly:

"Sir Richard of Wartmont! Proud will thy lady mother be. I trow the war is over. When thy wounds are well healed, we will take thee home to her."

THE END.

THE SAD LITTLE BREEZE.

BY LIDA S. PRICE.

As I wandered in the park to-day, I met a little breeze,
And sadly it came sighing through the gray, dismantled trees;

For it said:

"Oh, I long for the violets to grow!

I am tired of bare branches, ice, and snow;

I want to kiss the buttercups and make them shake their heads;

I want to hunt for arbutus, tucked snugly in their beds;

I want to carry miles and miles the scent of clover sweet;
And scatter clouds of blossoms at your feet."

As I listened to this plaint it ceased, with one last mournful sigh,
And seemed then to be harkening for me to make reply.

So I said:

"Oh, the winter-time will soon pass away!
And ere long will come the summer's lengthened day;
But you cannot play with snowflakes then, and toss them in the air;
You cannot scud across the ice now stretched so smooth and fair.
You should try to be content, my dear, with the blessings that are nigh."
(And to myself I added, "So should I.")

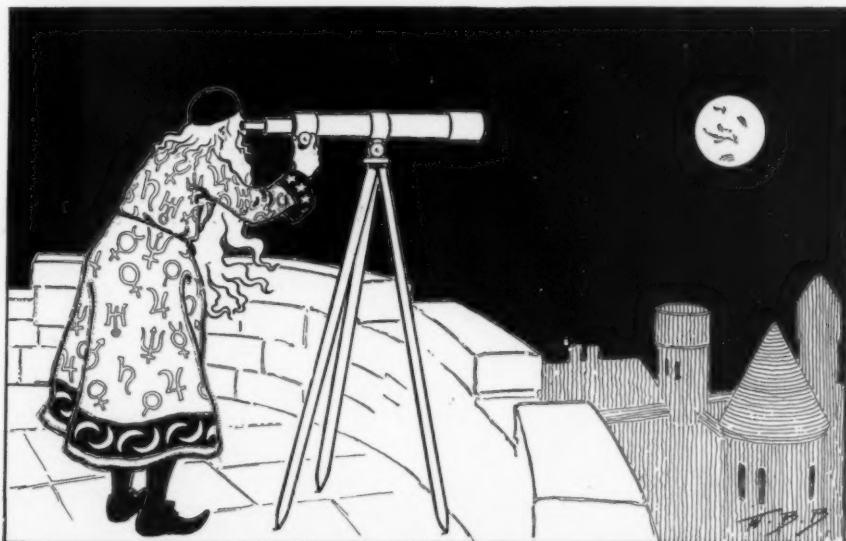
ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

(Visible in every house where this copy of ST. NICHOLAS goes.)

Directions for observing Eclipse by CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN. Chart by WILLIAM B. BRIDGE.

IF with this old Astronomer
The moon's eclipse you 'd view,
This picture hold a foot or more
Right straight in front of you.
The left eye shut, and fix the right
Upon the old man's head.

Then *slowly* toward you bring the page
(Mind now what I have said!).
For if you follow closely
The directions given here,
You 'll find that at a certain point
The moon *will disappear!*





TWO KINDS OF CLOCKS

BY TUDOR JENKS.

"You 'RE never right," growled
the grandfather clock,
To the clock from over the
sea ;
"When not too fast, you 're very
slow.
Why don't you go by me?"

"You *do* keep time," said the little
clock,
"For that all look to you.
It 's enough for me that the
children love
To hear my soft, 'cuckoo!'"



Petit Paul Pierrot.

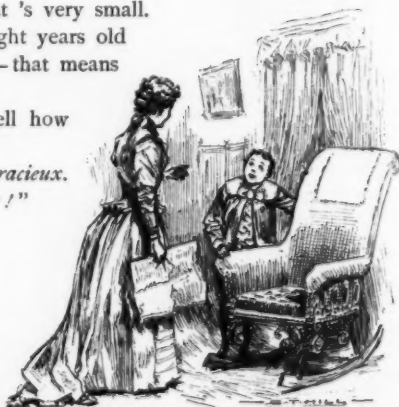
BY ANNIE E. TYNAN.

PAUL PIERROT is a man
Très petit — that 's very small.
He will not be eight years old
Till *l'automne* — that means
the fall ;
But he knows well how
to do

Courteous acts — *les actes gracieux*.

When he says, "*Bonjour, monsieur !*"
Just the way he speaks
Brings a sunny summer smile
To Grandpa's winter cheeks.
When he brings his mama's chair —
Which he loves to do —
Mama says, "*Merci, mon cher.*"

Ça comprenez-vous ?



How a Woman Saved an Army



By H. A. OGDEN.

It was in the winter of 1777-78, during the occupation of Philadelphia by the British troops, that a patriot woman inside of the enemy's lines performed an act of great service to her country. Not far away, at Whitemarsh, General Washington's army was encamped. It had recently suffered defeat in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and the outlook was most discouraging. In Philadelphia the British soldiers, commanded by General Howe, were quartered in comfortable barracks, while their officers had selected the most

commodious and elegant houses in which to enjoy the winter. In one of these houses lived a Quaker gentleman named Darrah, his wife Lydia, and their younger children; their oldest son was an officer in the patriot army. With them General Howe's adjutant-general took up his quarters, and secured a back room in which private councils could be held.

Just before one of these councils, in the early part of December, Lydia Darrah was told to retire early with her family, as the British officers would require the room at seven o'clock,



THE BRITISH OFFICERS IN COUNCIL.



LYDIA DARRAH OVERHEARS THE PLAN.

and would remain late. The adjutant-general added that the officers would send for her to let them out and to extinguish the fire and candles. feigned to be asleep. When one of the officers knocked at the door, she did not reply until the summons had been several times repeated.



"WE MARCHED BACK LIKE A PARCEL OF FOOLS!" SAID THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Now, as the officer was so particular, Lydia suspected that some expedition against the patriot army was to be arranged.

She sent all the family to bed, and, taking off her shoes, crept softly back and listened at the door. By this piece of eavesdropping, which the zealous woman no doubt felt was entirely justified as a war expedient, she learned it was decided to issue an order that all the British troops should march out, late on the fourth of December, to surprise General Washington and his army.

Having learned this important decision, Mrs. Darrah retired to her room, and, lying down,

After the departure of the officers she hardly knew what to do, in order to get word of the intended surprise to Washington. She knew it lay in her power to save the lives of thousands of her countrymen. She dared not consult even her husband. She decided to go herself and convey the information. The Darrahs' stock of flour being almost out, and it being customary in those days for people to send or go to the mills themselves, Lydia told her husband that she would go for more. He wanted his wife to send their servant, or to take a companion, but Lydia insisted on going alone.

As the mill was some distance from the city, a pass through the British lines must be obtained; and Lydia's first step was to procure the document from General Howe. Having secured the pass, she made her way over the snowy roads, and reached the mill. Leaving her flour-bag to be filled, she hurried on in the direction of the American camp, and before long met a party of patriot cavalymen commanded by an officer whom she knew. He inquired where she was going. Mrs. Darrah said she was going to see her son, one of his comrades; at the same time she begged him to dismount and walk with her. Ordering his troops to remain within sight, he did so. She then told her important secret, after his promise not to betray his source of information, lest

her life might be forfeited thereby. Conducting her to a house near at hand, and seeing that she had some refreshment, the American officer galloped off to headquarters, where General Washington was at once informed of the intended attack. The necessary preparations were of course made for receiving and repelling the enemy's "surprise."

Returning home with her flour, Lydia sat up alone, to watch the intended movement of the British. The regular tramp of feet passed the door, then all was silence; nor was her anxiety to know the result at an end until the officers' return, a day or two later. Although she did not dare to ask a question, imagine her alarm when the adjutant-general told her that he wished to ask her some questions; she felt sure that she either had been betrayed or was suspected. He inquired very particularly whether her husband or any of the children were up on the night they had held their last consultation. Lydia replied: "The family all retired at seven o'clock, as you requested." He then remarked: "I know you were asleep;

for I knocked on your door at least three times before you answered me. We are entirely at a

loss to understand who could have given Washington information of our proposed attack, unless these walls could speak. When we arrived near their encampment we found all their cannon in position, and their troops ready for us; and not being prepared for a regular



LYDIA DARRAH GIVES WARNING OF THE BRITISH ATTACK.



"DAY AND NIGHT THE VOLCANIC FIRES STREAMED FROM THE MIGHTY TUBE."

THROUGH THE EARTH.

BY CLEMENT FEZANDIÉ.

[This story was begun in the January number.]

II.

THE START.

DAY and night the stream of noxious vapors and molten matter poured forth from the newly created volcano, and a most magnificent spectacle it formed. Day and night the volcanic fires streamed from the mighty tube. But, beautiful as it was to watch these stupendous fireworks, there was not one who did not ardently desire the display to stop, that the work of digging the tunnel might be resumed.

Dr. Giles had with great foresight provided a number of submarine boats, and it was consequently possible for the men to journey to and from the mainland as they pleased. As for the doctor himself, he had refused to quit the place. He wished to be at hand to attend to the important point of keeping the supply of refrigerating agents circulating in the tube. This duty he would confide to no one, except to his chief engineer during the intervals of time when he himself was obliged to sleep; and then it was only with a strict order that he should be awakened at the least sign of

anything wrong in the working of the pumping-machines on either side—for special wires kept him in constant communication with the New York end of the tube.

To be obliged to wait thus with folded arms until the volcanic activities had quieted down was exceedingly discouraging; and the only hopeful sign the doctor saw was that a large proportion of vapor mingled with the molten matter hurled forth by the volcano. This led him to believe that only a pocket had been struck. Such, indeed, seemed to be the case; for after four months of weary waiting, the eruption gradually subsided.

Dr. Giles, who had been fast losing hope, was greatly relieved at this turn of affairs, not only because he could go on with his work, but also because he feared that if the eruption continued, earthquakes might be looked for in various parts of the world as the crust of the earth settled into place.

Fortunately, the amount of matter thrown forth was relatively small, and nothing of the kind occurred. Work was therefore resumed and pushed to completion with the utmost rapidity. It was somewhat discouraging to be

obliged to do over again what had already been done, but there was no help for it; so the tube was cleared of the molten matter that had gathered there, and then the work of digging was continued with instruments of still greater complexity than before, to meet the new conditions in the tube.

Day and night did the work continue, there being six relays of workmen, each serving for four hours at a time, assisted by dynamos of undreamed-of power; and as fast as the hole was bored the tube was lengthened and lowered. Every possible precaution was taken, and less than five years after the first eruption the two tubes met together in the center of the earth—or, more properly speaking, in the center of terrestrial attraction, since it had been found that the earth was not of the same density in all its parts.

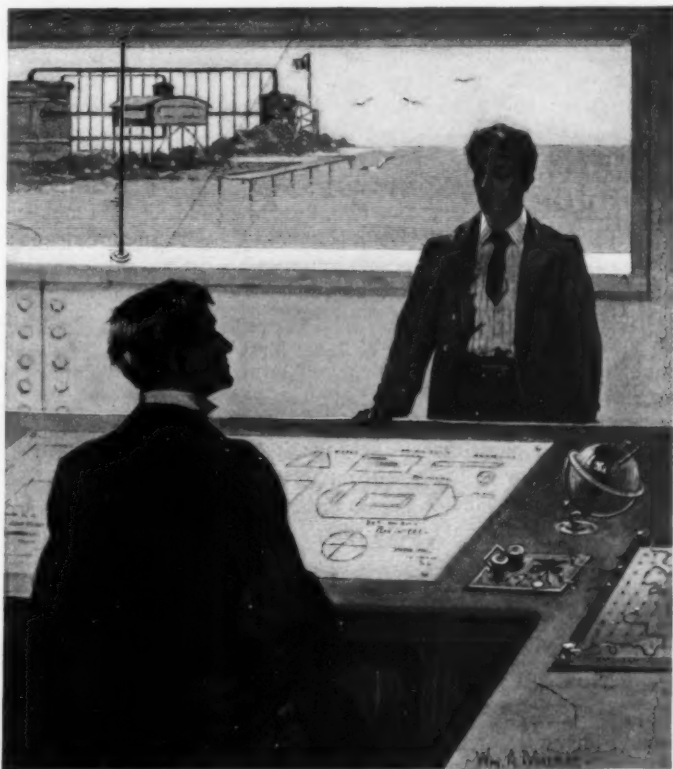
Of course there had been many minor accidents in the course of so stupendous a task; but at last victory had crowned the efforts of the intrepid doctor, and this was all that the most hopeful person could have asked. Even James Curtis, the skeptic of whom we have already spoken, was forced to acknowledge that the word "impossible" was one which deserved to be stricken from the dictionaries of the twentieth century.

To weld the two tubes together at the ends was a most delicate undertaking, but the work was performed with all the care it demanded. Then the instruments were withdrawn, and specially constructed pumps were set in oper-

ation to exhaust the tube of air; this work was supplemented by the use of ingenious chemical processes to absorb the greater part of the rarefied air which the pumps and other apparatus were unable to remove.

This precaution was absolutely necessary, for, as already stated, air presents an enormous resistance to objects which are traveling at a great velocity.

Air remaining in the tube would not only have retarded the car considerably in its passage, and have prevented it from reaching the opposite side of the earth, but would have produced an



"WELL, MY BOY," SAID THE DOCTOR, "SINCE YOU ARE DETERMINED UPON GOING, I DON'T SEE BUT THAT I SHALL HAVE TO LET YOU TAKE THE TRIP." (SEE PAGE 343.)

amount of heat sufficient to damage the vehicle seriously.

Along with the boring of the hole, the construction of the car had occupied the doctor's attention. Fortunately, there was nothing very

difficult in this part of the work, for any closed vessel whatever would have answered the purpose. Nevertheless, there were certain points that required to be taken into consideration. In the first place, as, in spite of the precautions taken for obtaining a perfect vacuum, there would always remain a small amount of air in the tube, it would be well to construct the car of such a shape as to offer the least possible resistance in its passage. Secondly, in order to avoid the inconvenience of having the car turn around during the trip, it was desirable to construct it of a uniform weight on all sides.

The doctor finally decided to build the body of the car cylindrical, but tapering to a point at both the top and the bottom. The height of the car was about twenty feet, and its width about fifteen; consequently, as the hole was thirty feet in diameter, there was little fear of the vehicle striking the sides, even though it should turn around during its journey.

As to the furnishing of the interior of the car, it is needless to say that the doctor had omitted nothing that would conduce either to the comfort or convenience of the passengers.

Everything being thus in readiness, Dr. Giles announced far and wide that the first trip through the earth would be made the following week, and offered a reward of one hundred pounds to whoever would consent to go as a passenger. He himself would have gladly embarked in his novel ship, had it not been that the illness of the chief engineer rendered it necessary for him to attend to the important work of keeping the refrigerating agents circulating through the walls of the tube.

To the doctor's great surprise, as well as disappointment, no one presented himself in answer to the advertisement. There was something appalling in the thought of dropping eight thousand miles, and not a man could be found willing to undertake the strange voyage.

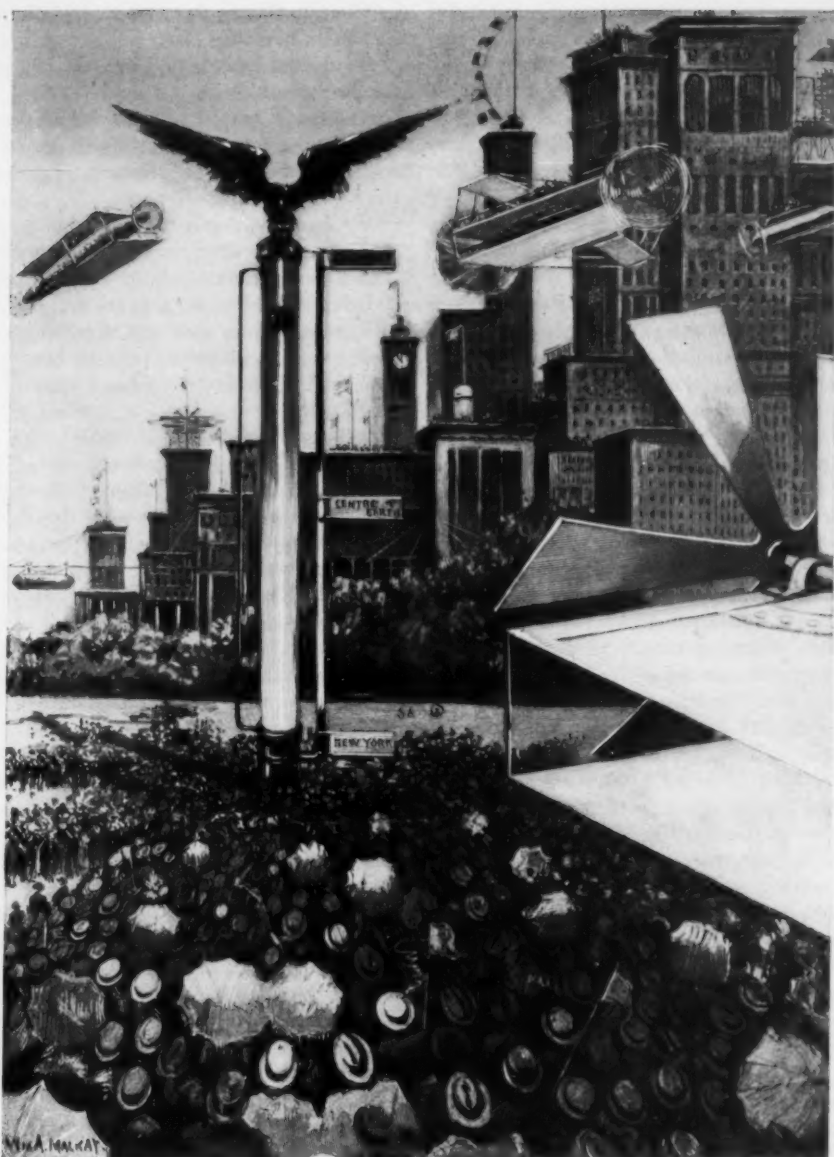
"What a pack of cowards they are!" the doctor exclaimed angrily; "if I could only trust these machines with some one else, I should n't hesitate an instant to go myself! At a pinch, I might let my assistant engineer manage the refrigerating-pumps, but there will be another and far more delicate task to accomplish in regulating the flow of repellent elec-

tricity that it will be necessary to send down the eastern side of the tube to counteract the effects of the centrifugal force of the earth. The least inadvertence or error on the part of the operator would jeopardize the success of the whole undertaking."

"I am not quite sure that I understand what you mean," said his friend James, to whom these words were addressed. "What would the centrifugal force of the earth have to do with the matter?"

"Why, simply this: the earth, as you know, turns around on its axis once in twenty-four hours. To do this, every particle of matter on the surface of the earth, save at the very poles, must travel much faster than the matter in the center of the earth. In fact, every person in Australia here, and every object,—the car included,—is traveling toward the east at the rate of several hundred miles an hour. Consequently, even though I dropped this car down into the very middle of the tube, it would tend to retain this motion; and as, the further down it went, the less would be the speed of the portions of the earth which it was passing, the car would in its entire passage through the earth continually scrape against the eastern side of the tube. To prevent this I have been obliged to charge the car with negative electricity, and also to send a strong negative current down the eastern side of the tube. As two similar electricities repel each other, the car will be thus prevented from touching the side of the tube; in fact, by increasing or diminishing the current according to circumstances, I shall be able to keep the car always well in the center of the tube. But, as you see, it is a very delicate operation; and although I have arranged it so as to be automatically controlled, as much as possible, by the very position of the car, I feel my presence necessary here, in case the slightest thing should go wrong. Do you understand now?"

"Perfectly," replied James; "and I must confess that, for my part, I am not at all surprised that no one should be willing to run the risks. Not only is there, as you say, the danger of being killed by striking against the side of the tube, but the very rapidity of the passenger's fall would, as I have already said,



"SPECIAL APPLIANCES HAD BEEN ERECTED IN EVERY CITY OF THE WORLD FOR RENDERING VISIBLE THE COURSE OF THE CAR DURING ITS PASSAGE THROUGH THE EARTH." (SEE PAGE 344.)

prevent him from breathing ; so that even if he were not smashed into fragments or burned to a cinder, he would still be suffocated before he reached even the center of the earth."

"Nonsense!" replied the doctor. "As I have already told you, we all of us are traveling much faster than any speed this car will acquire, and there would consequently not be

the slightest danger. A child could undertake the trip; and, now that we are discussing the subject, I am surprised, James, that you do not go."

"Oh, thank you, doctor; but although, as you say, I might go without danger, I am enough of a child to prefer my life to the fun of falling down a bottomless pit."

"Well, that being the case, there is nothing for me to do but submit to the humiliating necessity of sending the car through without any passengers. And I regret this all the more, as there will be many interesting physical experiences for the passenger to undergo during the trip, and I should very much like to have an account of them. There is one more chance left. I told my agents to wait in Australia until the last moment, and not to leave the continent without doing everything possible to secure a passenger. That is my last hope. So far they have telephoned me that they have been unsuccessful, but it is now only half-past five; they have half an hour more before sailing, and—who knows?—perhaps at the last moment something may turn up."

The minutes passed by, and soon there were but five left. At this moment the instrument in the doctor's office began to ring.

"Ah," said he, "if that could but be a passenger!" He rushed to the instrument and listened to the message. It was most laconic:

"Boy of sixteen wants to go as passenger. Shall we bring him?"

A few seconds later the answer was returned: "Bring him anyway."

That was all, but it meant volumes.

At a quarter to eleven o'clock there was a knock at the doctor's private office, and with a bound the worthy man was at the door. A boy entered—a young lad with a pleasant face, but evidently belonging to the poorer classes; for while there were no holes in his clothing, it was full of patches of different colors. But, in spite of this, he had an indescribable air of neatness about his person. Evidently he had seen better days.

A shade of disappointment passed over the doctor's face as he gazed searchingly upon the lad. It was the boy who first broke the silence, and it was easy to see, from his brisk, business-

like manner, that he knew thoroughly how to take care of himself.

"Do I understand, sir," he said, going at once to the subject in his mind—"do I understand that a reward of one hundred pounds is offered to whoever will take passage in the car that is about to be dropped through the earth?"

"Yes, my boy, that is the offer; but you appear somewhat young to try an experiment which so many older heads are afraid to risk."

"I beg of you to let me go, sir," said the boy earnestly; "for that one hundred pounds means life or death to my poor mother."

"What is your name, my boy?" the doctor asked kindly.

"William Swindon, sir."

"Well, William, do you not see what a responsibility I should be taking if I were to allow you, a minor, to go on this trip? Suppose anything should happen to you, could I ever forgive myself for letting you go?"

"I will gladly take the risks," exclaimed William eagerly; "and pray do not believe that because I am only sixteen, I do not know how to take care of myself. On the contrary, I have had more practical experience than many young men of twenty-one."

"You have not always been poor, William. I can see that by your speech and manners."

"No, sir; only two years ago we had everything we wanted. In fact, I was destined to become a mechanical engineer, and was studying with that view when my father died. Somehow, his partner, in settling up the business, managed to keep everything for himself, and left nothing for us."

"Could n't you sue him?"

"That is, unfortunately, what my mother did; and she spent what little money we had in trying to get the rest back. But the result was, she lost all. Then I was taken from college and sent to work in a shop at very low wages, while my mother tried to give private lessons and do sewing at home. Our friends helped us a little at first, but soon became tired of doing so. And then mother fell sick, and we gradually ran into debt."

"The crisis came yesterday. When I went to work in the morning I found my employer

had failed, and that thenceforward I was without a position. When our landlord, to whom we owe about ten pounds, heard this, and saw that even the small income we had was thus cut off, he declared he could wait no longer for his money, and yesterday noon turned us out into the street, although poor mother is yet far from well.

"I should not like to pass through yesterday's experiences again! All the afternoon we tramped about, asking for work or for lodging on credit, but nothing could we find. Finally, as night came on, we went to one of the public parks, and passed the night on the benches there. Poor mother! it was the first time in her life she had not had a roof to rest under; and although she tried to bear up bravely for my sake, I could hear her sobs as we sat there waiting for the daylight. Ah, thank Heaven, yesterday can never dawn again! I should go wild if it did!"

"Who knows?" said the doctor, smiling inwardly; "perhaps if yesterday did dawn again, it might be ten times happier than the happiest day you have ever known so far. Besides, how do you know that to-morrow may not be many times worse?"

"If you would only let me go on this journey, I feel sure that we should never want again. The one hundred pounds would enable us to pay all our debts, and would, with what I could earn, keep us alive for at least a year; and during that time I feel sure I could find some good position—one that would enable the two of us to live."

Doctor Giles felt the tears coming to his eyes at this simple tale. With a voice that had a slight tremor in it, he said:

"Well, my boy, since you are determined upon going, I don't see but that I'll have to let you take the trip. If there were any real danger, of course I could not think of doing such a thing; but, as a matter of fact, you run more risks in coming here on the ship than you will in going through the earth. But, being something out of the ordinary, this voyage, of course, frightens people more than a greater danger with which they are already familiar.

"As for the one hundred pounds reward, that shall be at once sent to your mother, with

a second one hundred that I will add to the amount. But where can we find her?"

"I left her in the park early this morning, sir, while I went out to look for work, and I told her I would be back at noon, if possible; or, if I found something to do, at seven o'clock to-night. I will write her a line to inclose with the money, and believe me, sir, I am truly grateful to you for your kindness."

"Not at all," replied the worthy doctor, pressing his hand. "You seem to be a plucky boy, William; and you are displaying a courage to-day of which a man might well be proud. But it will be necessary to make haste, for the car is scheduled to leave at eleven o'clock sharp, and the inhabitants of the whole world are now gathering to see the start. Of course they cannot witness the real descent, but by means of electrical devices they will see it indirectly."

William hastily scribbled a few lines, and then took leave of the doctor.

"Everything is now ready for the start, William," said that worthy, as he led the boy to the door. "Be of good courage, and remember that there is but little real danger. You will find that I have attended to everything necessary for the comfort and safety of the passengers. I have also placed full instructions how to act on signs hung around the interior of the car. Follow the instructions *to the letter*, and I will guarantee that you will make a safe and speedy trip. But, however strange the directions may seem to you, it is absolutely essential that you should *follow them exactly*."

"Remember, too, that while there will be no possibility of communicating with us during the journey, as I have not yet completed the inductive telephone through the tube, we shall yet know just where you are, and whether all is well or not, for I have here instruments of the greatest delicacy which will inform me of your exact position, and the conditions of heat, cold, and so on, that you are experiencing. During the entire journey I shall not take my eyes from the instruments for a moment, and in case of any emergency you can count upon us to aid you by all the means in our power. And now, good-by, my boy, and mark my words: You will never regret the step you have taken, and

I promise you that you will be back here, safe and sound, before nightfall."

The doctor spoke too confidently. Little did he dream as he made this promise that it was destined to be weeks before our hero set foot on his native land again.

A moment later William passed into a closed chamber at the top of the tube, made his way into the car, and carefully locked himself in the strange vehicle. Then the suction-pumps were set to work, this upper chamber was exhausted of air, and the car was ready to start on its strange journey.

While these events were passing, immense crowds had gathered around special appliances that had been erected in every city of the world, for rendering visible the course of the car during its passage through the earth. The news

(To be continued.)

had already spread that at the last moment a passenger had been found to undertake the journey, and hence public interest was excited to the highest pitch.

At the same moment an electric bell in each of these places sounded a warning ring for a few seconds, and then suddenly ceased; while at the instant of cessation, a ball placed in a tall glass tube began slowly falling downward. This ball was in electric communication with the carbonite tube itself; and by an ingenious arrangement it measured and made manifest to the spectators the exact speed and position of the car at every stage of its rapid fall through the earth.

The die was cast! Our hero had started on his novel journey. And novel it was destined to be, beyond anything he had ever imagined!



THE LITTLE ROUND PLATE.

By MARY L. B. BRANCH.

and dented it with his knife and fork, and dropped it on the floor.

"Oh, be careful of your pretty plate, Tommy!" grandma used to say. She liked to see children careful.

"I want a plate like sister's," Tommy would reply.

Now sister Libbie was eight years old. *She* was careful of plates, and she had a blue and white one with a picture in the middle.

"When you can treat a plate as well as Libbie does, you may have a china one, too," said mama.

But Tommy could n't, and the tin plate had to put up with a great deal. Perhaps it liked lively times.

IT was made of tin, and it had the alphabet around its edge, from A to Z, with &c. at the end.

It was well that it *was* made of tin, for Tommy thumped it with his spoon

Once Libbie had a party, and the party wanted to play "Twirl the Platter."

"Please go and get a plate, Libbie," said Rose Dean.

"Will it break it?" asked Libbie.

"We broke four at *our* party!" said Will Dean.

"Take mine!—mine won't break!" shouted Tommy.

So the tin plate was brought, and it twirled beautifully. Tommy grew proud of it as it whirled about like a big bright top. It went so fast that you could not see the A B C on it.

"That 's *my* plate!" Tommy said when it spun an unusually long time. When the children turned to other games, he picked up his plate and put it where it would not be stepped upon.

But next day, when there was no party, Tommy grew tired of his plate again. He could not spin it so well as the older children did, and when he tried it on the steps it rolled out on the sidewalk. So he tried it on the sidewalk just as Rose Dean was coming along on her way from school. He wanted it to spin well, but instead of that it started down hill and rolled and rolled like a wheel, going faster and faster till it was a wonder it did not fall flat on its face.

"It 's running away!" cried Rose, clapping her hands.

"I don't care!" said Tommy; and they watched the plate going over and over till it rolled quite out of sight where the hill dipped down in the hollow.

That night Tommy ate from a white earthen

plate, and he was very careful of it. So he was the next day, very careful indeed; and his mother said:

"I do believe Tommy can be trusted with a china plate."

So she bought him a pink-and-white china plate, as pretty as Libbie's.

Tommy was well satisfied now; somehow he felt older with a china plate, and behaved better at the table.

"Nothing like a sense of responsibility," said papa, wisely.

That same day, as Tommy sat out on the front steps toward evening, a little boy in a kilt dress came toiling up the hill with something shiny in his hands. He was almost out of breath when he reached Tommy, but he managed to say:

"Here 's your *beautiful* little round plate that says A B C. It rolled into my yard, and I picked it up and brought it in; but mama said I must give it back because you would hate to lose it."

"Oh! never mind, little boy!" said Tommy kindly. "Keep it if you like it. I have a china plate now."

"Oh-h!" said the little boy, "I think it is *beautiful*!"

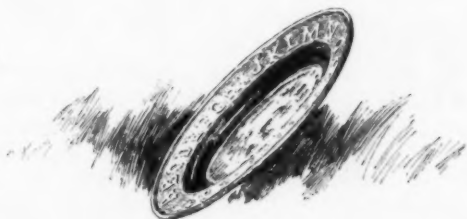
He held it fast and started down hill, but was stopped by Tommy's voice.

"Little boy, what do you say?"

The little boy turned about at once, and, bobbing his head, said:

"Thank you!"

Then, as that was perfectly satisfactory, he took his course down hill again, clasping tightly the little round tin plate.



Three Little Bears



BY M. C. McNEILL.

(For Very Little Folks.)

THREE little bears came into the town.
 "How do you do?" said everybody.
 Their faces were smiling, with never a frown.
 "How sweet!" said everybody.
 The three little bears made three little bows.
 "How very polite!" said everybody.
 They bowed as boys bow
 in dancing-school.
 "What airs and what
 grace!" said everybody.

One little bear had a little
 red coat.

"How smart!" said every-
 body.

One had a tippet all made of soft down.
 "How cozy and warm!" said everybody.
 And one was a fiddler of great renown.
 "What charming music!" said everybody.

The three little bears began then to dance.
 "How cute!" said everybody.

"What do you want, you little
 black bears
 With manners so nice?"
 said everybody.

"I don't like to be a fool, so
 I want to go to school,"
 Said the red-coated bear
 to everybody.



Then Tommy Perkins, mak-
 ing a bow,
 Right in front of everybody,
 Took down his book and his slate as well,
 And began to explain to everybody

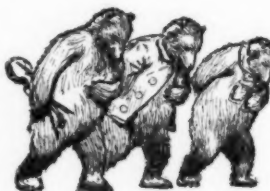
Just what the little black bears should do
 To read and to cipher like everybody.

"Sit up quite straight, and mind your stops;
 Say, 'A, B, C,' for everybody."

"A, B, C," said the three little bears,
 All in one voice, to every-
 body.

"A, B, C! What fiddle-dee-
 dee!"

Was whispered aloud by
 everybody.



"I want to count," said one
 little bear.

"One! Two! Three! Four!" shouted
 everybody.



"We're not at all deaf!" said the three
 little bears.

"Oh! I beg your pardon!" said everybody.

"We'd like to learn manners," said the three
 little bears;

"And we'd like to learn from everybody,
 But every one has n't fine manners," they said.

"Some have very bad manners," said
 everybody.

"What manners you have may be better than ours,"

Said the three little bears to everybody;

"For we live in the wood—which no manners requires."

"Then how did you learn?" said everybody.

"For when you came in you were quite as polite

As Tommy Perkins," said everybody.

"You bowed and you danced, while we all sat entranced,

So sweet were the notes," said everybody.

"You wanted to learn to say, 'A, B, C,'

Like good little bears," said everybody.

"And when we exclaimed, 'Such fiddle-dee-dee!'

No notice you took," said everybody.

"And when we all shouted out, 'One! Two! Three! Four!'

Instead of roaring," said everybody,

"You gently reminded us all that in school We must not be noisy," said everybody.

"If you won't teach us manners, We're going back home,"

Said the three little bears to everybody.

"For after the night falls it won't do to roam; So we 'll say our farewells to everybody."

Then they stood up and bowed, and held out their paws,
And shook hands all round with everybody.

"We 'll dance all the way, for we know how to play,"

Said the three little bears to everybody.

"And with our best compliments we wish you good-day."

"Good-day, and good-luck!" said everybody.



THE SNOWMAN.

BY W. W. ELLSWORTH.

ONE day we built a snowman.

We made him out of snow;

You 'd ought to see how fine he was,—

All white from top to toe!

We poured some water on him,

And froze him, legs and ears;

And when we went indoors to bed

I said he 'd last two years.

But in the night a warmer kind

Of wind began to blow,

And winter cried and ran away,

And with it ran the snow.

And in the morning when we went

To bid our friend good-day,

There was n't any snowman there;—

Everything 'd runned away!

THE LETTER-BOX.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family have taken you for five or more years, and in that time it never occurred to me to write to you until to-day.

This magazine is really intended for my sister, but I am always on the lookout for it, and as soon as it arrives I get hold of it and call Hal, my brother, and we run outside and read it in a place where our sister is not likely to get hold of us.

I live on a ranch in Texas. We raise sheep, cows, and horses. I like the horses best. I have five horses of my own, and Hal has seven. One of my ponies, called "Lightning," is a racer. I can ride him bareback without saddle or bridle, and steer him with my feet. For instance, if I wish him to go to the left, I knock his left side with my foot, and if I want him to go to the right, I knock his right side. Lightning is a fine jumper. Once, on a holiday when there were a lot of races and jumping-matches, Lightning and I took part in a jumping-match, and won the second prize.

My little sister, Lou, has a pony that can beat Lightning in both racing and jumping. He is all black with the exception of one hoof, which is white. Lou calls him "Thunder Cloud." I have offered to swap Lightning and two other horses—"Jack" and "Jarlow," for him, but Lou says she would not trade Thunder Cloud for a million dollars!

I am going to tell you about our journey from Texas to Boston. To begin with, we rode horseback to the railroad station, which was a long way off. I did not mind that, for horseback riding never tires me; and then, beside, Hal, Lou, and I had races all the way. Arriving at the station late in the afternoon, we entered the train, which did not start for half an hour. I had never been in a train of cars before, and I never want to be in one again.

Then at night I could not sleep a wink, for the air in the sleeping-car was very close, and there was that awful racket a train always makes. I was very glad to hear when we arrived at Galveston that the rest of the long journey before us would be made by sea.

Hal and I had a state-room together. It was small and smelt fishy, but we did not mind that, for outside it was cool and clear, and a fresh sea breeze was blowing.

We started a few minutes before supper, and I slept well, pleased with the ship and its surroundings.

The next morning I woke up feeling sick and dizzy. I started to get up and dress, but my head swam so that I was glad to get into my bunk again. Hal said he felt the same, but despite his dizziness, he dressed and went to breakfast, saying that after a hearty meal and a whiff of the fresh sea air he would be all right. I did not see him again until late in the morning, when he came into the state-room where I lay, horribly sick, and urged me to dress and go out on deck. He said he felt all right, only much better than he had ever felt before.

I did get up in the afternoon. I managed to tumble into my clothes, and with Hal's help I got out on deck. Once on deck, with the fresh sea air blowing about me, I soon felt much better, and in an hour or so I felt as well as ever, and was able to eat a hearty supper.

One old sailor told me that the best cure for sea-sickness was to be out on deck as much as possible, to eat hearty meals, and to take invigorating exercise. I enjoyed the rest of the journey very much.

On the whole, I was glad when our long journey was over, and we had arrived safely at our cousin's house in Boston, though I had been very sorry to part with some of the passengers on the "Austin," and also with the crew, who had been jolly fellows, and very kind.

I think Boston is a jolly place, with its theaters, shops, electric cars, and its "zoo,"—all of these things being perfectly new to Hal, Lou, and me,—and the fun one has when it snows, and the sport of coasting and skating.

But I shall not be sorry when our pleasant visit comes to an end, and I am once more cantering through the gate on Lightning's back, and up the familiar ten-mile driveway to our own house and home!

Your faithful reader,

PHILBY.

HERE is a letter from a fierce little five-year-old, who means to hunt in earnest:

HARTWOOD, SULLIVAN Co., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ned and I took out two spoon-hooks. Edward is my brother.

There is a little dog that lives back of our house, and we made a little stable and a wild-cat lived there and "Nixie" wounded him.

Next year I am going to write for a cow-boy's hat and a pistol and blank cartridges, and a 22-caliber rifle, and a real revolver seven-shooter, and a two-barreled gun, and a belt of cartridges and two boxes of plain-sized cartridges.

And the wild-cat used to yell, and one night he got up on our window-sill and scratched.

Next year I am going up here hunting with Mr. Townley. I stuck a dart made of wood up in the ground that I whittled out with my knife, and we're going to shoot him. I am only going to have my pistol and blank cartridges revolver and cartridges here next summer.

I am an American. I am five years old. I am going to Yale and Oxford. I am going to have my hatchet too.

GEORGE DIMOCK, JR.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our family have taken you for seventeen years, and in all that time none of us have written you a letter to tell you how much we enjoy you, and how we can hardly wait for each number. I am fifteen years old, and live in one of the suburbs of the city, and on a road which was originally an Indian trail.

The road is very hilly and curves a great deal; and as it is on one of the high hills which border the river, there are many beautiful views of the valley, which is called Turkey Bottom on account of the many wild turkeys which used to be found there.

We live near the end of the road, which ends abruptly on a hill; and a little distance from our house and very close to the road is an Indian mound.

This fall the President, on his way to Canton to vote, visited one of our neighbors. We saw him many times driving in the carriage, and he always took off his hat when we bowed to him. But one afternoon—we shall never forget it—he drove up the road in a carriage with three other gentlemen; he took off his hat to us, but

while the carriage went on up the road, we rushed into the house and brought out a large American flag which had been in the war, and when he drove back we stood around it and cheered. Mr. McKinley leaned forward in the carriage and waved his hat out of the window. Don't you think that was thrilling? Right away we thought of that article in your magazine, "Honors to the Flag." But of all the stories, I love "Master Skylark" best. Wishing you luck, I remain your devoted reader,

CLARA C. MENDENHALL.

RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fifteen years old, and live in Richmond, the old Confederate capital. It is a beautiful city filled with relics of bygone days and the war. It is called "Modern Rome" because it is built on seven hills. They are Church Hill, Libby Hill, Sluzko Hill, Navy Hill, Chestnut Hill, Oregon Hill, and Gambles Hill. It contains the White House of the Confederacy; the old State capitol, over one hundred years old (the plans for building it were brought over from Europe by Thomas Jefferson when he was minister to France); also the Confederate Soldiers' Home. Near and around here are numerous battle-fields. The battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, was fought only nine miles from Richmond. I have a pet dog named "Bruno"; he is very smart; he can climb a ladder, beg, and sing. Maybe none of you ever heard a dog sing. It is very comical; first he goes soft, then loud, then soft. When my father comes home, Bruno barks furiously, as much as to say, "Take me for a run"; then away they go, papa on his wheel and Bruno beside him. As fast as papa goes he can go; he is a beautiful pacer. I am ever your devoted reader,

KATE JAMES CHRISTIAN.

OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine for—well, ever since I can remember; and the more I get it, the more I like it. I am at present writing on your December number—that is, my paper is resting on it. We are just now getting ready for our Exposition, and from what I hear day by day, it must be going to be beautiful.

They have an artesian well which spouts fifty-eight gallons a minute. They have a lagoon which is very deep, and in 1898 will be dotted with gondolas. In short, it is a veritable World's Fair, only twenty times prettier. They think of moving the State building of Illinois for it. I have n't been out there yet (and don't think I shall go, either). We have a new post-office, and also a new depot which is very beautiful. In one of the store windows here there is a plaster-of-Paris model of the station. It is furnished just like a palace, inside, and has a long sidewalk going spirally down to the cars.

Well, good-by. I must n't write any longer.

Your very loving reader,

MARGARET ESTELLE WHITNEY.

HJO, SWEDEN, EUROPE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thinking that a letter from the land of Nansen might be of interest to the readers of ST. NICHOLAS, I herewith send you a few lines. My father is a metallurgical engineer from Sweden, and my mother is of English descent, as her forefather was Governor Edward Winslow, first governor at Plymouth, Mass.; but as I was born in Georgia, I am really an American by birth, of which I am very proud. We lived in the United States until I was seven years old; since then we have lived in Nova Scotia, and are now moving to Montreal, which is a lovely city.

This is my second trip to my father's native country; but being older this time, I am better able to appreciate all I have seen than when I was here before. We were two weeks in Stockholm last June, visiting the Exposition, which was very fine, indeed, and did great credit to this little country's energy and progress, representing, as your readers doubtless know, not only the industrial progress of Sweden, but also of Norway, Denmark, Finland, and Russia. Among the finest features were the Art Hall, Industrial Hall, the Army and Navy exhibits, which were very interesting, and the many iron exhibits, which were truly wonderful, on which latter my father has written a number of long articles in the *Iron Age*. We went through the royal palace, and also out to Drottningholm, a beautiful summer residence of the king's, and Grippsholm, an old castle built in 1387. There are said to be two hundred odd rooms; and there have been at different times four kings there as prisoners.

The city of Stockholm is most beautiful; and as it is built on seven islands, the many little steamers which run from one to another are a great attraction. There are also so many lovely gardens in which to sit and hear very good music that altogether it has many attractions. On our way home next spring, we shall again visit England and Scotland, which will be very enjoyable; but, as far as I have seen, I prefer living in America to living in Europe.

I am very much interested in collecting stamps, and have at present over eight hundred and fifty; and I get a great deal of valuable information from ST. NICHOLAS, which I have had for six years,—ever since I was eight years old,—and I do not think I could do without it; as it is always interesting, and as I am very fond of reading, it is read through from cover to cover.

Sincerely yours,

LOTTIE SJÖSTEDT.

MOBILE, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: There are a good many children in our house; and we look forward to every twenty-fifth of the month, for that is the time of your coming.

The outskirts of our city are full of old batteries, and places where skirmishes were fought during the Civil War. There is a Union and Confederate cemetery here, too. Among all the graves in the Union cemetery with names and rank on them, there are two which are merely numbered—172 and 173. The Confederate graves have no names on them at all, but simply little square pieces of stone at the head, and a monument of a soldier with bowed form, arms reversed, inscribed: "To the Unknown Dead." I think they are very pathetic.

Wishing you a long life,

IRENE R. TUCKER.

HUENEME, VENTURA COUNTY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been thinking of writing to you for some time. Our younger sisters wrote a few weeks ago, and are very anxious to see their letter in print. We hope ours will be printed also.

This is a very small town, but there is a great deal of shipping done. This summer there was so much grain carried to the warehouses that they could not hold it. No vessels would come for it, as they were all chartered for the Klondike, so there was a new one built.

We live about a half a mile apart, and see each other almost every day. This summer we have been playing tennis. We like it very much, and as we each have a court, can practise whenever we wish to. While we were in Nordhoff, a little village in the mountains not far from here, last May, we saw a tennis tournament between this county and Los Angeles county, and our county came off victorious.

We are very fond of reading. Lately we have been reading Scott's novels, and think them very interesting. Our favorite so far is "Kenilworth." Some of our favorite authors are Miss Alcott, Miss Yonge, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Henty, Molly Elliot Seawell, Charles Kingsley, and Kirk Munroe.

Nellie's eldest sister started last October for a trip around the world. She was in India during the terrible plague. Her letters describing the Oriental countries were very interesting.

Mary's eldest sister is at boarding-school with one of Nellie's sisters, and perhaps we shall go next year. Nellie has one younger sister at home, and Mary two sisters and two brothers, all younger than herself.

Mary is collecting coins, and has two or three hundred. Nellie collects stamps, and has quite a number.

We are very fond of horseback-riding and bicycling; but the roads about here are not very good for the latter.

We have a great deal to say, but think this is enough for this time.

NELLIE MCK. GREGG and MARY L. BARD.

JACKSON, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A friend sends you every year for a Christmas present. So every twenty-fifth of December I have the best magazine in the world.

I have a small publishing house and have issued ready for the Christmas trade a book entitled "Young America's Standard." I do all the setting of the type myself,

and also the printing and binding. Several pages are devoted to a list of the titles of good stories to read. Many are from ST. NICHOLAS. I also issue a small paper, "The Newsboy." I and my two brothers raised twenty bushels of potatoes on a vacant lot that we own outside of the city.

My grandfather was out here to visit us recently. He was a surgeon in the Civil War. He told us many stories of the battle of Chancellorsville, in which he took part. The soldiers, after battle, having found an old brick house, tore it down and made an oven and baked an immense number of loaves of bread from the barrels of flour that had been sent as supplies.

Your reader,

HOLMES KIMBALL.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received: Paul B. Detwiler, Amy O., Cecelia V. Read, Barbara Burr, Margaret Graham Findlay, Mabel M. Johns, Mary W. Rittenhouse, Mabel C. Bovill, Van Leer Kirkman, Jr., Rosamund Gray, Ethel Cliff, Bessie M. Humphrey, Shirley H. Storm, M. Gruening, Joan Olive Bryden, Walter J. Rose, Wm. T. Bostwick, Lewis G. Carpenter, Polly Curtiss, Rachel Norton, Mary W. Nason, Lottie Morrison, Jennie Pearce, Kingsley Martin, John Akin Branch, Alice B. Helmet, Grace Crane, Lydia Marshall, Hazel Chapman, Almira Richardson Wilcox, Otto W. Budd, Emily Forbes Stewart, Lathrop Bartlett Lovell, George A. Richardson, Helen B. Hewitt, Harry Hays, Chester O. Reed.

To Let.

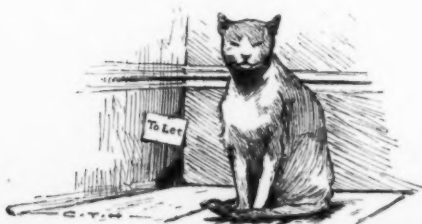
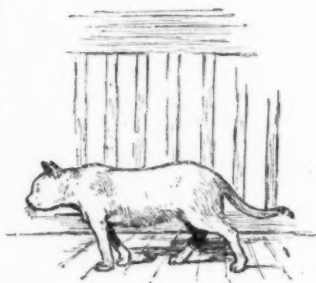
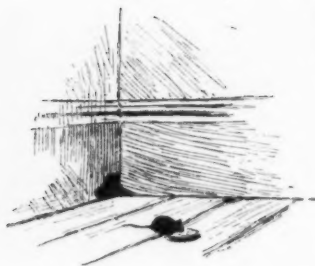
BY MARY VAN DERBURGH.

A LITTLE gray mouse
Came out of his house,
That looked to the south.

A cat came forth
To walk on her porch,
That looked to the north.

Wee-e-e! Mi-mieouw! —
Where 's the little mouse now?

There 's a sign "To Let"
On the wee little house
That looked to the south.



THE RIDDLE BOX



ALICE R. LEV

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DIAMOND. 1. C. 2. Mat. 3. Moral. 4. Caravan. 5. Raved. 6. Lad. 7. N.

"SUN" PUZZLE. From 14 to 1, Palici; 15 to 2, Helios; 16 to 3, Oxytel; 17 to 4, Elissa; 18 to 5, Boston; 19 to 6, Utgard; 20 to 7, Scipio; 21 to 8, Arnulf; 22 to 9, Pleiad; 23 to 10, Oenone; 24 to 11, Laurel; 25 to 12, Lucumo; 26 to 13, Osiris. From 14 to 26, Phœbus Apollo; from 1 to 13, Island of Delos.

RHOMBOID. Reading across: 1. Bards. 2. Moral. 3. Civet. 4. Penal. 5. Strap.

A CHRISTMAS NUMERICAL ENIGMA. A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

WORD-SQUARES: I. 1. Pear. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Rest. II. 1. Shot. 2. Hole. 3. Oke. 4. Teak. III. 1. Lamb. 2. Aloe. 3. Moat. 4. Bets. IV. 1. Bank. 2. Area. 3. Neat. 4. Kate. V. 1. Slot. 2. Lame. 3. Omen. 4. Tent.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from "Four Weeks in Kane"—Josephine Sherwood—M. McG.—Tom and Alfred Morewood—"Class No. 19"—Clara A. Anthony—Paul Reese—Nessie and Freddie—"Allil and Adi"—Mabel M. Johns—Louise Ingham Adams—Sigourney Fay Nininger—Howard B. Peterson—"Midwood"—"May and 79."

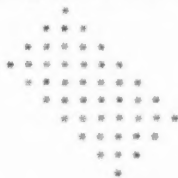
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Edith Sergeant Clark, 1—Edna A. Webb, 1—Mary E. Meares, 1—W. L., 7—William Kernan Dart, 1—Buffalo Quartette, 7—Elise Julia Rhoads, 1—Morse Delplaine and Rose J. Rolfs, 1—Addison B. Blake, 1—J. K. E., 5—Fred B. Hallock, 1—Belle Miller Waddell, 7—Betty and Etta, 6—F. G. Sayre, 5—Frank Stanley and the "Freak," 7—Edgar Stanton, 1—Mary K. Rake, 1—Morgan Buffington and his mother, 7—Estelle Feldstein, 4—F. S. Cole, 7—"The Brownie Band," 3—C. E. H. and Dannat Pell, 3—Daniel Hardin and Co., 6—"Three Friends," 3—"The Trio," 6—"Two Little Brothers," 7—"C. D. Lauer Co.," 7—Katharine S. Doty, 7—Mugrove Hyde, 1—"Merry and Co.," 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 5.

TWELVE HIDDEN INSECTS.

Two children of Lynn, loving nature, wanted to play in the woods; and their mother, who had been reared amid gentle woodland scenes, was pleased to permit them to trifle awhile. So, with stout sticks, a mesh or net for catching insects, and in plain garb, ugly but neat, they ran over the grass, hoppershop, and may we all be as successful as they were.

ALLIL AND ADL.

OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.



1. In pitchfork. 2. Indistinct. 3. Better. 4. Ore. 5. Fast. 6. Exists. 7. Part of the Nile. 8. A pile. 9. A unit. 10. In pitchfork. M. E. FLOYD.

ZIGZAG.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name and country of "The Madman of the North."

CHARADE. Ham-let.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Bonheur. 1. Bear. 2. Owl. 3. Narwhal. 4. Horse. 5. Eagle. 6. Unicorn. 7. Rabbit.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, January; finals, New Year. Cross-words: 1. Jerkin. 2. Angle. 3. Narrow. 4. Unity. 5. Apple. 6. Russia. 7. Yonder.

THE MEETING OF THE WISE. From 2 to 1, Nestor; 3 to 1, Taylor; 4 to 1, Sumner; 5 to 1, Hooker; 13 to 2, Solon; 6 to 2, Bacon; 7 to 3, Scott; 8 to 3, Swift; 9 to 4, Keats; 10 to 4, Burns; 11 to 5, Booth; 12 to 5, Smith.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A four-wheeled pleasure or state carriage. 2. A kind of goat. 3. Vexation. 4. Barren. 5. Ability. 6. An edible, hard-shelled crustacean. 7. Agents. 8. To vie with. 9. Groups. 10. To plunge under water. 11. To confide. 12. Clumsy. 13. A ruler. 14. To raise to a higher station. 15. Laborious attempts. 16. To praise unduly. 17. Eats noisily. 18. A sharp, harsh, ringing sound. 19. The chief officer of a county. 20. To dim. 21. Writes illegibly. 22. Exact. 23. A busybody. 24. A city of Ireland. 25. Aborigines. SIGOURNEY FAY NININGER.

CHARADE.

THE river was hurrying down to the ocean,
And rushing along with a frolicsome motion;
It flashed through the woodland, it dashed through the
mead;

My first it encountered, and checked was its speed.
No more useless racing, no more idle play,
To work it was put, and at work it must stay.
Perhaps you may second if this were quite fair,
For water is said to be free, like the air.
Of course it's all right, for man has dominion
O'er all things on earth,—or, that's my opinion.
Pray, is there a lovelier flower that grows
Than the one we all know as a fair one two rose?
Or is there a trustier weapon e'er made
Than the one men approve as a good one two blade?
With fine one two linen I would I were able
To daintily cover, at meal-time, my table;
And could I afford it, of one thing I'm certain—
I'd hang at my window a fine one two curtain.

ELIZABETH R. BURNS.

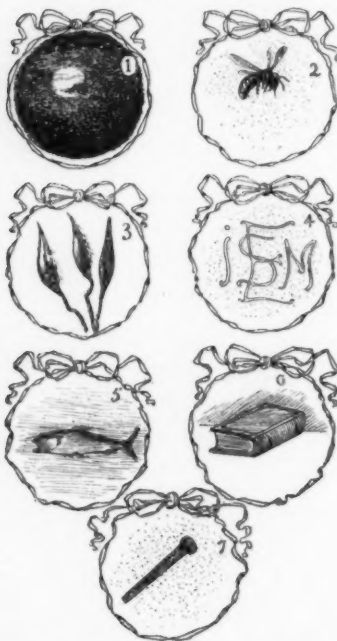
CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

If you are successful in searching, you'll say
The primals will go to the finals some day.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. "You give inspiration, sweet creature, to me,"
2. Said the very tall owl to the very short flea.
3. "My voice always pleases as well as a harp;
4. I'm seldom, if ever, a semitone sharp."
5. "You have an extremely strong throat," said the flea;
6. "Your breath rushes forth like a cyclone at sea;
7. In rapid legato you have not a peer;
8. Success as an orator waits for you, dear.
9. Great critics, 't is true, like the robin's sweet flute;
10. But you're most artistic of all in your hoot."

ANNA M. PRATT.

ILLUSTRATED ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order numbered, the zigzag (beginning at the upper left-hand letter) will spell a name once famous in political circles.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. BLACK.
2. A hard substance.
3. At one time.
4. Lack.

H. E. A.

TRIPLETS.

EXAMPLE: Change sharp to a yellow substance and then to a thin substance. Answer: Bitter, butter, batter.

1. Change a dance to a ball and then to a note.
2. Change a grain to a fish and then to a hammer.

3. Change a pill to a bed and then to a fowl.
4. Change a ruler to a gathering and then to a title.
5. Change an epistle to clutter and then to an end one.
6. Change a gleaner to gather and then to a folder.

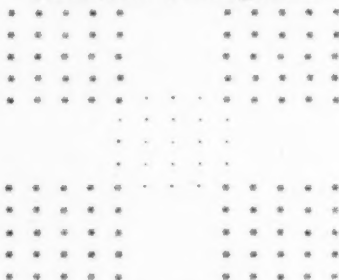
E. H. H.

MYTHOLOGICAL DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and placed one below another, the diagonal, from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of one of the Muses.

CROSSWORDS: 1. The Furies. 2. One of the Gorgons. 3. A name belonging to Diana. 4. The name of a rash youth who drove his father's chariot and set the world on fire. 5. The Goddess of Wisdom. 6. The mother of Amphion. 7. The wife of Ceyx.

ALLIL AND ADL.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.**I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE.**

1. The fogs which prognosticate rain.
2. The end that we strive to attain.
3. Found in artist's supplies.
4. Of use to brush flies.
5. In the sleeves of Elizabeth's reign.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE.

1. A general term for a boat.
2. First name of a writer of note.
3. To muddle the wits.
4. One who great crime commits.
5. The name of a river remote.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE.

1. Much used on St. Valentine's day.
2. A mistake, or a blunder, we'll say.
3. Ascended or rose.
4. Used on violin bows.
5. Direction or course of a way.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE.

1. A wind which makes sail-boats careen.
2. A carpenter's turning-machine.
3. An essence of rose.
4. Deceits that impose.
5. Incisive, compact, short and keen.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE.

1. A motion in time with a tune.
2. To decorate, trim or festoon.
3. Observed, or renowned.
4. Isle near Greece's bound.
5. What morning must be, when it's noon.

CAROLYN WELLS.



A MILK-MAID OF DORDRECHT, HOLLAND.